



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

TX 428.42 .C997c BK.4
Cyr, Ellen M
Cyr readers : arranged by grades /

Stanford University Libraries

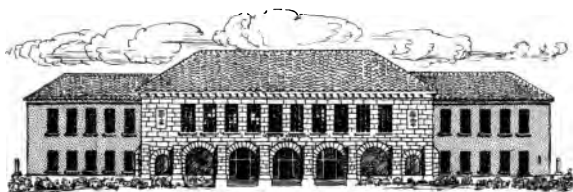


3 6105 04921 8824

READERS BY GRADES

BOOK
FOUR

GINN & COMPANY



SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK COLLECTION

GIFT OF

SANTA CLARA COUNTY

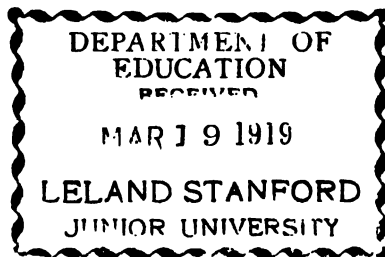
TEACHERS LIBRARY



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES

Santa Clara

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY
No.



THE
CYR READERS

ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY
ELLEN M. CYR

BOOK FOUR

BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
The Athenæum Press
1901

588540



COPYRIGHT, 1896, 1898, 1899, 1901

By GINN & COMPANY

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

TO

Hon. J. L. Howard

PREFACE.

IN presenting Book Four to the public, the author would call attention to a few of its distinguishing features which should commend it to modern educators.

The primary aim of this Reader is education by means of good literature. The mere teaching of the art of reading is of minor importance compared to the awakening of interest and the formation and education of the literary taste.

We have now reached the period when children begin to select their own reading, and it is of the utmost importance that they shall make the acquaintance of such authors as shall be helpful and stimulating.

A large share of the pupils in our public schools have no intelligent means for selecting books from the public libraries; the reading book should be the means of introducing such authors as have written wholesome books for children.

The study of the poets is continued in this Reader by means of biographical stories from the lives of Holmes and Bryant, and a standard poem from each of these two eminent American poets. The work in literature is broadened and enlarged by the introduction of choice selections from other authors, whose writings are of special interest to the young.

Great care has been taken in selecting this matter; only such authors as have written standard literature have been chosen. In order to impress their lives and writings upon the children, portraits

are given, and an introductory sketch has been written about each one.

Grateful acknowledgment is accorded to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for permission to use certain copyright matter from their publications; also to the Alcott heirs, Mrs. Diaz, Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps-Ward, and Mr. Henry L. Koopman for their ready response in allowing the use of their copyrighted stories.

ELLEN M. CYR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE	3
EVA'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND. <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>	6
A TRAPPER'S STORY	18
HOLMES'S SCHOOL DAYS	21
TOM COD AND MRS. LOBSTER	24
LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH	28
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS. <i>Felicia Hemans</i>	32
GARDEN MEMORIES	35
OCEAN PEARL	37
HOLMES AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY	43
THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"	46
THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE. <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	49
THE SWEET-PEA STORY. <i>Abby Morton Diaz</i>	53
A TALK IN THE HONEY MARKET. <i>Abby Morton Diaz</i>	60
SOME THINGS ABOUT FROGS	62
GRANDMOTHER HOLMES AND THE INDIAN	65
ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER	69
THREE COMPANIONS. <i>Dinah Mulock-Craik</i>	76
HOLMES AS AN AUTHOR	77
BLUNDER. <i>Louise E. Chollet</i>	81
SKETCH OF LOUISA MAY ALCOTT	91
THE FAIRY SPRING. <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>	93
BRYANT'S BIRTHPLACE	112
A DAY. <i>Emily Dickinson</i>	115
BRYANT'S EARLY HOME LIFE	116
THE BRAVE DRUMMER-BOY	118
BRYANT'S SCHOOL DAYS	121

	PAGE
THE RIVULET. <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	124
THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER. <i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	127
BRYANT'S BOYHOOD	137
SKETCH OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE	140
THE SQUIRRELS THAT LIVE IN A HOUSE. <i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i>	141
SKETCH OF CELIA THAXTER	150
THE SANDPIPER. <i>Celia Thaxter</i>	151
HOW ANDY SAVED THE TRAIN. <i>Fanny Fern</i>	153
SKETCH OF ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS	157
TINY'S FIRST AND ONLY LIE. <i>Elizabeth Stuart Phelps</i> . . .	158
SKETCH OF LUCY LARCOM	165
DANDELION-DOWN. <i>Lucy Larcom</i>	166
THE MAPLE TREE'S CHILDREN. <i>Abby Morton Diaz</i>	170
THE FROLIC OF THE LEAVES. <i>Harry L. Koopman</i>	174
JACKANAPES AND THE PONY. <i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i> . . .	177
HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD. <i>Björnstjerne Björnson</i>	185
GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION	190
WORD LIST	191

THE CYR READERS

BOOK FOUR



HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

HOLMES'S BIRTHPLACE.

mūs'kēt	dī'a mōnd	Brīt'ish
wōn'dēr	gār'rēt	cá rěss'ing
chûrch	dān'gěr	lī'lacs
hōl'lý hōck	mār'ī gōld	sōl'dier (jěr)

1. A blue-eyed boy, full of fun and play, was born in this house.

His father was a minister in a church near by.

If you could look from the west windows of this house, you might see the church with the old church-yard at one side.

2. The boy's name was Oliver Wendell Holmes, and he was born on the 29th of August, 1809.

This house was old even then, and full of nooks and hiding-places. The garret was very large, and strange noises were sometimes heard there. They were made by the wind, which whistled around the corners; but they frightened the little boy.

3. Some of the rooms were locked, and little Oliver would peep through the keyholes, and wonder at the heaps of old chairs and tables which were piled there.

He thought they looked as if they had been frightened, and had run in there and climbed upon each other's backs to be out of danger. The windows had tiny panes, where one might read names, written upon the glass with a diamond.

4. The house had been used by soldiers during the war, and Oliver heard so many stories about them that it made him imagine a great

many things. On the floor of his father's study, he could see the dents left by the muskets of the soldiers, who had talked of their plans in this room. In one room there was a painting of a lady, who was Oliver's great-grandmother, and here and there were places in it where the British soldiers had cut it with their swords.

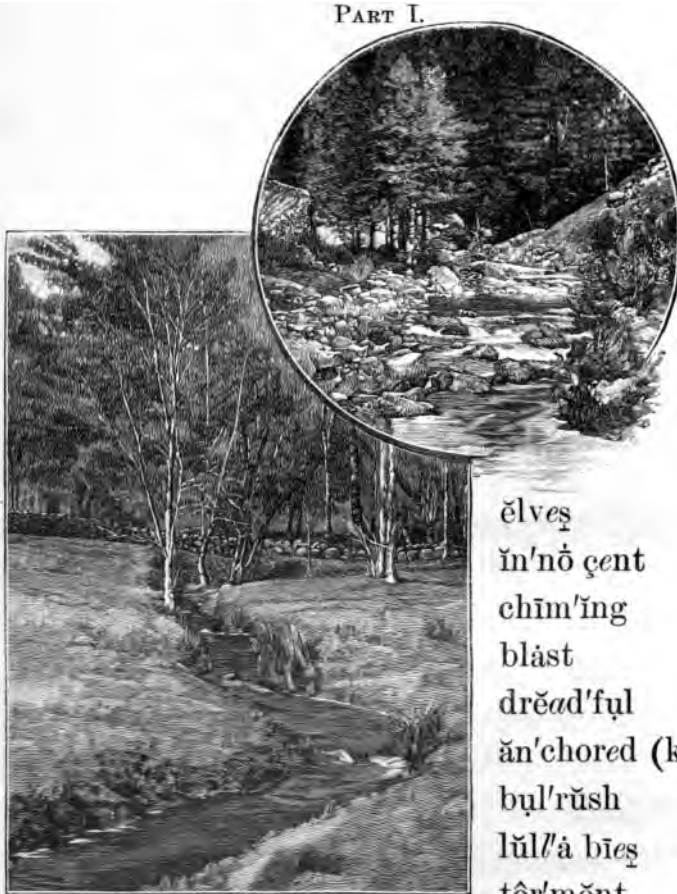
5. There were many trees about the house. On one side was a row of poplars, and on another grew some beautiful great elms.

Cambridge was then a country town, and Oliver had a little garden plat; but the soil was very sandy, and many of his flowers would not blossom. He used to feel sad when the buds died instead of opening into flowers.

6. There were some flowers which grew in spite of the sandy soil. Roses, lilacs, holly-hocks, marigolds and pinks made the garden bright with their blossoms and filled the air with their fragrance.

EVA'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

PART I.



THE BROOK THAT RAN THROUGH
FAIRYLAND.

ělves
 ĭn'nŏ cent
 chĭm'ing
 blăst
 drĕad'ful
 ăn'chored (kĕrd)
 buł'rŭsh
 lŭl'ă biēs
 tŏr'mĕnt
 pĭn'ă fŏre

vĭs'ĭ ble whĭsked mŏr'tal măg'ic mŭsh'rŏom

1. A little girl lay on the grass down by the brook, wondering what the noisy water said as it went babbling over the stones. As she listened she heard another kind of music that seemed to come nearer and nearer, till round the corner floated a beautiful boat filled with elves, who danced on the broad green leaves of the lily-of-the-valley, while the white bells of the tall stem that was the mast rung loud and sweet.

2. A flat rock, covered with moss, stood in the middle of the brook, and here the boat was anchored for the elves to rest a little. Eva watched them at their pretty play, as they flew about or lay fanning themselves and drinking from the red-brimmed cups on the rocks. Wild strawberries grew in the grass close by, and Eva threw some of the ripest to the fairy folk; for honey and dew seemed a poor sort of lunch to the child.

3. Then the elves saw her, and nodded and smiled and called, but their soft voices could not reach her. So, after whispering among themselves, two of them flew to the brookside, and,

perching on a buttercup, said close to Eva's ear, —

“We have come to thank you for your berries, and to ask if we can do anything for you, because this is our holiday and we can become visible to you.”

“Oh, let me go to Fairyland! I have longed so to see and know all about you dear little people; and never would believe it is true that there are no fairies left,” cried Eva, so glad to find that she was right.

4. “We should not dare to take some children, they would do so much harm; but you believe in us, you love all the sweet things in the world, and never hurt innocent creatures, or tread on flowers, or let ugly feelings come into your happy little heart. You shall go with us and see how we live.”

5. But as the elves spoke, Eva looked very sad, and said, —

“How can I go? I am so big I should sink that pretty ship with one finger, and I have no wings.”

The elves laughed and touched her with their soft hands, saying,—

“You cannot hurt us now. Look in the water and see what we have done.”

6. Eva looked and saw a tiny child standing under a tall blue violet. It was herself, but so small she seemed an elf in a white pinafore and a little pink sun-bonnet. She clapped her hands and skipped for joy, and laughed at the sweet picture; but suddenly she grew sober again, as she looked from the shore to the rock.

“But now I am so wee I cannot step over, and you cannot lift me, I am sure.”

“Give us each a hand and do not be afraid,” said the elves, and whisked her across like dandelion down.

7. The elves were very glad to see her, and touched and peeped and asked questions as if they had never had a mortal child to play with before. Eva was so small she could dance with them now, and eat what they ate, and sing their pretty songs. She found that flower-honey and dewdrops were very nice, and that it was fine fun

to tilt on a blade of grass, to slide down a smooth bulrush-stem, or rock in the cup of a flower.

She learned new and merry games, found out what the brook said, saw a cowslip blossom, and was very happy till the captain of the ship blew a long sweet blast on a honeysuckle horn, and all the elves went aboard and set sail for home.

8. "Now I shall find the way to Fairyland, and can go again whenever I like," thought Eva, as she floated away.

But the sly little people did not mean that she should know, for only now and then can a child go to that lovely place. So they set the bells to chiming softly, and all sang lullabies till Eva fell fast asleep, and knew nothing of the journey till she woke in Fairyland.

9. It seemed to be sunset; for the sky was red, the flowers all dreaming behind their green curtains, the birds tucked up in their nests, and there was no sound but the whisper of the wind that softly sang, "Good-night, good-night."

10. "We all go early to bed unless the moon

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY
~~3118~~

shines. We are tired, so come and let us make you cozy till to-morrow," said the elves, showing her a dainty bed with white rose-leaves for sheets, a red rose-leaf for coverlet, and two plump little mushrooms for pillows. Cobweb curtains hung over it, a glow-worm was the candle, and a lily-of-the-valley cup made a nice nightcap, while a tiny gown of woven thistle-down lay ready to be put on.

11. Eva quickly undressed and slipped into the pretty bed, where she lay looking at the red light till sleep kissed her eyelids, and a lovely dream floated through her mind till morning came.

12. As soon as the sun peeped over the hills, the elves were up and away to the lake, where they all dipped and splashed and floated and frolicked till the air was full of sparkling drops, and the water white with foam. Then they wiped on soft cobweb towels, which they spread on the grass to dry, while they combed their pretty hair and put on fresh gowns made of the leaves of flowers. After that came breakfast, all sitting about in parties to eat fruit, and cakes of pollen, while their drink was fresh dew.

EVA'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

PART II.

cōb'wěb	glīm'měř	hām'mōck
chīrped	twīn'klīng	mǐgn on ětte'
dāin'tỹ	wound' (wōond) ěd	(mīn yūn ět')
īn'vā līd	chār'ī tỹ	děl'ī cāte

1. “Now, Eva, you see that we are not idle, foolish creatures, but have many things to do and many lessons to learn,” said the elves when they had all sung together; while the wind, who was the housemaid there, cleared the tables by blowing everything away at one breath. “First of all come to our hospital, for here we bring all the sick and hurt things that cruel or careless people have harmed.

2. “In your world children often torment and kill poor birds and worms and flies, and pick flowers to throw away, and chase butterflies till their poor wings are broken. All these we care for, and our magic makes them live again. Come and see.”

3. Eva followed the elves to a cool, quiet place, where on soft beds lay many wounded things. Rose, the fairy nurse, was binding up the leg of a fly as he lay in a cobweb hammock and feebly buzzed his thanks. Eva thought the elves were good to do such work, and went on to a humming-bird which lay in a bed of honeysuckles, with the colors very dim on its little breast, and its bright wings very still.

4. "I was shot with an air-gun, and my poor head still aches with the dreadful blow," sighed the poor bird, trying to sip a little honey with its long beak.

"I'm nearly well," chirped a cricket, whose stiff tail had been pulled off by a naughty child and nicely put on again by a very skillful elf.

5. He looked so cheerful and lively as he hopped about on his bed of dried grass, with his black eyes twinkling, that Eva laughed aloud; and at the pleasant sound, all the sick things smiled and seemed better.

6. Rows of pale flowers stood in one place, and elves watered them, or tied up broken leaves,

or let in the sunshine to cure their pains, — for these delicate invalids needed much care; and Mignonette was the name of the nurse who watched over them, like a little Sister of Charity, with her gray gown and sweet face.

“You have seen enough. Come to school now, and see where we are taught all that fairies must know,” said Trip, the elf who was guiding her about.

7. In a pleasant place they found the child elves sitting on pink daisies with their books of leaves in their hands, while the teacher was Jack-in-the-pulpit, who asked questions, and was very wise. Eva nodded to the little ones, and they smiled at the stranger as they rustled their books and pretended to study busily.

8. A class was reciting and Eva listened to questions that none but elves would care to know.

“Twinkle, if there were fifteen seeds on a dandelion, and the wind blew ten away, how many would be left?”

“ Bud, if a rose opens three leaves one day, one the next, and seven the next, how many in all ? ”

“ Eleven.”

9. “ Daisy, if a silk-worm spins one yard of fairy-cloth in an hour, how many can he spin in a day ? ”

“ Twelve, if he isn’t lazy,” answered the little elf, fluttering her wings, as if anxious to be done.

“ Now we will read ‘ The Flower’s Lesson,’ ” said Jack, and a new class flew to the long leaf, where they stood in a row, with open books, ready to begin.

10. “ Once there was a rose who had two little buds. One was happy and contented, but the other always wanted something.

“ ‘ I wish the elves would bring me a star instead of dew every night. The drop is soon gone, but a star would shine splendidly, and I should be finer than all the other flowers,’ said the naughty bud one night.

11. “ ‘ But you need the dew to live, and the moon needs the stars up there to light the world,’ answered the good bud.

“‘I won’t have the dew, and if I cannot get a star I will take a firefly to shine on my breast,’ said the other, shaking off a fresh drop that had just fallen on her, and folding her leaves round the bright fly.

12. “‘Foolish child!’ cried the rose-mother; ‘let the fly go before he harms you.’

“But the silly bud only held the firefly closer, till in its struggles it tore her leaves and flew away. When the hot sun came up, the poor bud hung all faded on her stem, longing for a cool drop to drink.

13. “‘Now I must die. Oh, why was I vain and silly?’ sobbed the poor bud, fainting in the heat.

“Then the mother leaned over her, and from her bosom, where she had hidden it, the dewdrop fell on the thirsty bud, and while she drank it eagerly the rose drew her closer, whispering, ‘Little darling, learn to be contented with what heaven sends, and make yourself lovely by being good.’”

14. “I shall remember that story,” said Eva,

when the elves shut their books and flew back to the daisy seats.

“Would you like to hear them sing?” asked Trip.

“Very much,” said Eva, and in the little song they gave her she got another lesson to carry home.

THE SONG OF THE ELVES.

“I shine,” says the sun,
 “To give the world light.”
“I glimmer,” adds the moon,
 “To beautify the night.”
“I ripple,” says the brook,
 “I whisper,” sighs the breeze,
“I patter,” laughs the rain,
 “We rustle,” call the trees,
“We dance,” nod the daisies,
 “I twinkle,” shines the star.
“We sing,” chant the birds;
 “How happy we all are !”
“I smile,” cries the child,
 Gentle, good, and gay, —
The sweetest thing of all,
 The sunshine of each day.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A TRAPPER'S STORY.

pûr sūit'	joûr'neŷ	sûr round'əd
trăp'pěr	thrěad	ăn'tics
ăd drěss'ing	făil'ûre	tôm'ă hăwk
ċir'cle	flinched	in trudeŷ'

1. One day a trapper, whom we will call Beaver Jim, was sitting upon the bank of one of the frozen rivers of the west. He had had a long journey on skates, and was now resting, while his skates lay on the ground near him.

Suddenly, without any warning, he was surrounded by a crowd of yelling Indians. His quick eye at once saw that they were on the war path, and that they belonged to a tribe that was strange to him.

2. He knew that his life hung upon a thread; many an arrow was fitted to the string and several tomahawks were raised near him. He never flinched or showed the least sign of fear, but, addressing them in a mixture of Indian tongues, he asked why they were upon his hunting-grounds.

3. One of the tribe understood him, and through him the chief said, "The Great Spirit gave these hunting-grounds to us, his children; and it is the pale-face who intrudes upon them."

To this Beaver Jim replied, "The Great Spirit takes care of all his children. The red-men and the pale-faces are brothers."

4. Just then one of the Indians noticed the skates, and asked what they were for. A ray of hope darted through Jim's mind as he answered, "The Great Spirit has shown the pale-face how to make wings, so that he may skim the ground as the bird flies through the air."

5. The Indian gave a grunt and expressed a wish to try them. So Beaver Jim fastened them on the Indian's feet, and started him. Instantly he fell his length on the ice. Nothing dismayed, he rose to his feet after several failures, only to fall as before. Again he rose, but no sooner was he on his feet than he fell.

6. All this amused the Indians, who were roused out of their usual state of calmness into laughter. Then they made Jim try them, to

show how they should be used. He played queer antics at first, pretending that he could not stand.

7. Then he begged his gun; which had been taken from him, to support him on the ice. Having obtained it he began making circles, which he ever widened, until with a shout and a yell he started off with the speed of an arrow.

8. The Indians were so much astonished, that, before a bow could be bent and a shaft sent in pursuit, Beaver Jim was out of reach of their arrows.

Many a night after, round the camp-fire, when the men had eaten their supper, did Beaver Jim tell the tale of how he outwitted the Indians and describe their blank looks as he darted away.

HOLMES'S SCHOOL DAYS.

wīl'lōw	crōak	fān'čēs
chīld'īsh	fū'tūre	tēase (tēz)
mīs'chief	frīght'ened	rē mēm'bēr

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes was sent to school when he was a very little boy. The school was in Cambridgeport; and the little fellow had a long walk across the green fields and through the lanes, for there were very few houses standing there then.

2. His first teacher was a stout old lady whom the children called "Dame Prentiss." She used to have a long willow rod which reached across the room. If the children were idle or in mischief, she would touch them with this rod to remind them that it was time to study.

3. The boys in Cambridgeport used to make fun of Oliver and tease him. One day he went to school wearing a new hat with a wide brim. "Hullo you, Sir!" said a roguish boy, "Did you know there was going to be a race to-mor-

row?" "No, who's going to run? Where's it going to be?"

"Squire Mills and Dr. Williams 'round the brim of your hat." Then the boy made a face, and Oliver knew he was making fun of him.

4. The future poet was full of childish fancies. He would throw a stone at a tree to get the answer to a question. If he hit the tree, he would think the answer was "Yes." When he was walking he would try to step from one stone to another, or else walk upon the patches of grass.

5. There was a glove-maker whose store he used to pass on his way to school. This man had hung out a large wooden hand for a sign, and the wind made it swing and creak, which frightened the little boy.

"Oh, that dreadful hand!" he said, "always hanging there, ready to catch a little boy, who would never come home to supper, or see his mother again."

6. A wooden pail of drinking-water stood in the schoolroom, and the children had a brown mug from which they drank.

The pail was made of white pine, and it gave the water an odd taste. Oliver always remembered the taste of that water, and the mug with the piece broken from the rim.

7. The children thought that a red-cheeked, curly-haired boy named Edmund had bitten the piece out one day when he was in a hurry for a drink.

When Oliver grew a little older, he went to another school in Cambridgeport.

TOM COD AND MRS. LOBSTER.

cā'pēr	lōb'stēr	is'land
dē fēnd'	ād vān'tāge	floun'dēr ing
whīrl'ing	sēized	in'stant lŷ
dāshed	smēll'ērŝ	ēbbēd

1. Around a rocky island, the deep tides ebbed and flowed, and the waves rolled and dashed. The waters were so deep that large fish could come up to the very rocks.

Far down at the foot of one of these rocks was young Tom Cod, swimming and playing. He was a strong, beautiful fish. He was young, and felt that he could do almost anything.

2. He would dart off like a flash of lightning, and then back again; sometimes whirling round, sometimes rolling over, and cutting all manner of capers. Once upon a time he found an old lobster, slowly creeping along among the rocks that lay on the bottom of the sea.

“Pray, Mrs. Lobster, what are you doing? How slowly you move! What! Can't you rush and dash and fly through the water as I do?”

3. "Why, Master Tom, that is not my nature. My food and home are down among the rocks. I feel safer here."

"Well, what a homely creature you are! Those two great claws—what do you do with them?"

4. "With the big, coarse one I crack the shell-fish, thus:" and she seized and instantly crushed a large oyster; "and with the sharp teeth of the other—why, if you will just put your tail in that claw, I will show you how nicely it will seize and hold a fish."

5. "What do you do with those long smellers? They are longer than your whole body."

"These are not smellers, Master Tom."

"What are they, then?"

"They are feelers. When I want to go to sleep, or when I want to eat, I just lay them over my back, and let them stick out behind me; and then, if any fish comes near to bite me, I feel him at once."

6. "And what do you do then?"

"I whirl round instantly and present my claws to him, and he swims off."

“Well, Mrs. Lobster, I would like to know how you grow. Does your shell stretch or grow larger? You don’t seem larger than you did a year ago, when I was very small and very young.”

7. “Nor am I any larger. But I do all my growing for the year in a few days. Once a year I throw off my shell, and then swell and grow, and then put on a new shell: It takes some days, but it is nice to come out once a year in a new house.”

8. “And do you really go naked till the new shell grows and hardens?”

“I certainly do.”

“Why don’t the fish eat you up, when you are so soft and have no claws with which to defend yourself?”

9. “Ah, there’s the advantage of having my home down among the rocks. When I am about to throw off my shell, I dig a hole just large enough to creep into, under some rock, and there I go and no fish can get at me. I lie there safely until I get a new shell. It is a nice home, and I am perfectly happy in it.”

10. "Nonsense!" said Tom Cod; "I want room to play, and to pick up my food wherever I find it. There now, don't you see that naked clam? See how quickly I have him!"

11. Poor Tom! He grabbed the clam, and the hook in it caught him! He tried so hard to get away, but the hook was fast and the line was strong. The last Mrs. Lobster saw of him he was being drawn straight up to the top of the water; then she heard the poor fellow floundering in the boat.

12. "Oh!" said she, "those colors on poor Tom are beautiful, and doubtless it is a fine thing to be able to swim anywhere, and to dash up and down through the deep waters; but, after all, is not my humble home down among the rocks the safest? Has not the Great Master of the seas given me my full share of blessings, though I must live in the very depths of the seas, and creep over the sands and the rocks? I will be thankful, humble, and contented."



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.

pil'grīm	prō vīs'(vīzh) iōns	trēa'tŷ
hār'bor (bēr)	fūr'nī tūre	trūmp'ēt
Gòv'ērnr or (ēr)	Pěr'ě grīne	Plŷ'mouŭth

1. On a bitterly cold day in December of the year 1620, the ship "Mayflower" came sailing into Plymouth Harbor. The people on board had been one hundred days upon the sea, and had now reached their new home.

Let us suppose ourselves on board, and look with their eyes upon the scene before them.

2. No friends to welcome them. No place

where their ship may land. No house in which to spend even one night; and nineteen families, one hundred and one people, on board.

The men came to shore in small boats, began at once to cut down trees, and after hard work, made one large rude house where all might stay for a time.

3. Then each family made for itself a log hut, placing them in two rows, for safety, as the Indians might attack them and they wished to be together.

As soon as they could they carried their goods, which they had brought from their homes in England, on shore, and began housekeeping.

4. If you visit Plymouth now, you may see pieces of furniture, dishes, and many other things which have been saved all these years. A wee, tiny baby was born on board the ship. He was named Peregrine White. Peregrine means a wanderer or pilgrim. His cradle is still kept at Plymouth.

5. There were no stores where these people could buy provisions. No, the men must go and

catch fish, dig clams, or hunt, in order to get food for their families.

A hard life, wasn't it? especially for the women and the little children. By the time April came to cheer them, with her promise of sunny, warm days, there were forty-two graves on the hillside.

6. The Indians watched their numbers so closely that the Pilgrims planted corn over these graves, so that they might not know how few of their men were left.

Before the year was over, the Governor whom they had chosen made a treaty of peace with the Indians.

Twenty Indians and their chiefs, in war paint and feathers, marched into one of the huts. Then the Governor and his men met them, marching to the music of drums and trumpets, and promises of peace were given.

7. Have you been wondering why these people left their homes in England and came to live in these forests? They wished to be free to worship God in the way they thought was right.

They would rather live in this wild country

than stay in their pleasant homes, and worship as the king of England told them.

They had no beautiful churches, but must travel through the forest to a rough log building.

The men carried their guns to protect themselves from wild animals or from sudden attacks of the Indians.

8. When the spring came, the "Mayflower" sailed back to England. How many of the Pilgrims went back with her? Not one. Were they not brave and true? They had come here to be free, and they would stay in spite of hardship.

They watched the ship as it left the harbor, now and then turning their faces to brush away the tears which they could not keep back.

9. The brave little arbutus sprang up under their feet upon those hillsides, and seemed to cheer them with its sweet fragrance. They called it the "mayflower"; and as they knelt to gather it from beneath its rough leaves, a whisper came to their hearts that these hard times would soon pass away and the sweet blossom of hope would spring into life.



PILGRIMS WATCHING THE RETURN OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

fāme	trūmp'ēt	cōn'quēr or (ēr)
stĕrn	ĕx'īle	mōōred
hŷmnŝ	hōar'ŷ	sĕ rēne'lŷ
sought (sæt)	wĕalth	shrīne

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rockbound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet that speaks of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pine of the forest roared, —
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band, —
Why had they come to wither there,
Far from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas; the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

GARDEN MEMORIES.

dīsk	flūt'tēr	twīt'tēr
būnch	mār'ī gōld	īm āg'īne
gāth'ēr	pō'sŷ	cāt'ēr pīl lar (lēr)

1. When Oliver was quite small he used to ride with his father and mother, sitting between them, and sometimes driving the horse. One of their drives was over the bridge to the next town. There was an old brown house by the roadside, and in the yard was a garden of many bright flowers.

2. The man who lived there had a sister whose name was Sally. Oliver's father would stop in front of the house, and Sally would come out to talk to them, and gather some flowers for the little boy. She was very fond of the yellow marigolds, and would pick a bunch of them and say, "Here is a posy for the little boy."

3. After Oliver grew to be an old man, he always remembered that kind, soft voice; and whenever he smelled a marigold he could close his eyes and imagine the picture of the low brown

cottage with its garden, and the nodding golden marigolds.

4. I think he liked yellow flowers. In his own garden there was a row of tall sunflowers growing near an old pear tree. The yellow-birds seemed very fond of them, and Oliver loved to watch them flutter about, “golden, in the golden light, over the golden flowers.”

5. When Oliver became a man he tried to make the garden look as it did when he was a boy. He said the squash bugs and caterpillars came back and were as friendly as ever. The same buff-colored bugs fed upon his roses; the butterflies came back, and also the bees and the birds.

6. He wondered if the yellow-birds would return; and he planted a row of sunflowers like the row which stood near the pear tree when he was a boy. As soon as the blossoms spread their yellow disks, and the seeds began to ripen, the yellow-birds appeared, twittering and fluttering about them as in his boyhood.

OCEAN PEARL.

sûr'fâce	joûr'neŷ	moun'tainŷ
spâr'klîng	swift'lŷ	sòme'tîmes
sprĕad'îng	thîrs'tŷ	wîd'ened
strôn'gĕr	flōat'îng	brîght'lŷ

1. On the calm surface of the sea there lay, one morning, a tiny drop of water. She was looking up into the clear blue sky, and thinking how nice it would be to take a journey up into the air. She wanted to see the earth, the trees, and the flowers; and, small as she was, she wished to be of some use.

“Floating gaily, sparkling brightly
On a calm, still, summer sea,
Spoke a tiny drop of ocean,
‘Oh, that I of use might be!’”

2. “Can I be of any use at all?” she said to herself; “I am tired of lying here so quiet and still and useless. I wish there were fairies in these days, for then one might hear my wish and carry me away from here and show me what to do.”

“No sooner had she spoken
Than a sunbeam, bright and golden
As a fairy of times olden,
Came to grant her wish.”

3. “I have heard your wish,” the fairy said to the drop of water, whose name was Ocean Pearl, “and if you will come with me I will help you to do everything you want. My name is Sunbeam, and I am one of the great number of kind fairies who try to do all the good we can.”

4. “Give me your hand,” said Sunbeam, “for I am to carry you high up into the air, that you may see the world. Then you will go down to the earth, and I do not doubt but that you will soon find out for yourself what you ought to do.”

5. Ocean Pearl at once put out her hand. Sunbeam caught it in his, and, spreading his wings, which were as bright and beautiful as a butterfly's, they quickly mounted high up into the air.

“Below, lay the earth pure and green,
Dotted over with village and town;
The faint gleam of the rivers was seen,
As they rolled from the steep mountains down.”

6. “And now,” said Sunbeam, “I can do no more for you; but by and by there will come a mighty giant, ever so much stronger than I am, and he will carry you away with him to the far-off mountain tops.”

“And who is this giant?” said Ocean Pearl. “I wish you would not leave me, dear Sunbeam; I feel so happy and safe with you, and I do not like giants.”

7. “But this is one of the good giants,” said Sunbeam, “and he loves to work for the people on earth. His name is West Wind. Sometimes, indeed, he is very angry, and then even the largest ships are afraid of him. He makes such big, wild waves on the sea that often both ships and men are swallowed up in them.”

“Oh, dear me! I am sure I shall not care for him,” said timid Ocean Pearl.

“Ah! here he comes,” said Sunbeam; “and now I must leave you.”

8. Swiftly, but gently, Ocean Pearl found herself carried along as she rested on the great giant's breast; and so tenderly did he

bear her in his arms that she soon lost all fear of him.

“Swiftly, with smooth and silent wings,
The west wind steals along,
Bearing sweet rain to cheer all things
In his arms so soft and strong.”

9. And now a high and bare mountain rises before them, and Ocean Pearl is afraid that she may be dashed to pieces. But West Wind lays her gently down among the sharp and rough rocks. Far away below, Ocean Pearl can see the green fields and the waving corn of a quiet valley.

“Ah! I see now what I ought to do,” said Ocean Pearl to herself; “I must make my way down to that green valley, and with my little strength try to make it fresher and greener.”

10. “I am so small, though, that I had better find some friends to join me.” So, looking round, she saw some small, round drops like herself. They, too, seemed to want friends to help them along, so they soon got together. More and more drops joined them, and then they formed a very small stream running down between the rocks.

11. Soon more and more streams joined them, and at last they became a very strong band and went along very merrily. In the upper part of the valley the stream, now large, widened out into a small lake.

“Through moss and through brake
The stream runs and creeps
For a while, till it sleeps
In its own little lake.”

12. And now Ocean Pearl thought herself lost quite as much as when she was in the sea. But soon she found herself carried out of the lake again, and moving gently down a smooth and wide river. She passed softly on,

“Through meadow and glade,
In sunshine and shade.”

13. “Now,” thought Ocean Pearl to herself, “now is my time to be of use. There is a pretty bluebell hanging its head as if thirsty. Can I not reach it?” The bluebell’s head fell lower and lower. It touched the water; and, with a glad

cry, Ocean Pearl threw herself into the cup of the bell and was at rest.

14. She gave new life to the dying bluebell, and after she had done her duty there, she again joined the river. You may be sure she was always ready to do all the good she could.

At last so many, many more drops of water joined her that they formed a large river. On the river, ships were able to sail, and to carry goods for the use of the people in the large town which had grown up at the river's mouth.

HOLMES AT PHILLIPS ACADEMY.

Phīl'lips	Ācād'ē mÿ	būl'lēt
Ān'dō vēr	ghōst	pow'dēr
ā'gent	stā'tion (shŭn)	prō fēs'sor (ēr)

1. Oliver's father sent him to school at Phillips Academy, at Andover, when he was fifteen years of age. His father and mother drove to the school with him. They went up the long road, past the old powder-house, through country lanes, until they reached Andover.

They stopped at a white house, where one of the professors lived. When they drove away, Oliver watched the carriage until it was lost to sight.

2. How lonely it was for the poor boy! He was very homesick, and longed to be back in the old house with his father and mother.

There was an old lady living at the house of the professor. She was very deaf, but kind-hearted, and she felt sorry for Oliver. She gave him some medicine, thinking it would make him better, but it did not cure his homesickness.

3. Before many days he made friends with the other boys, and became interested in his lessons, and soon the homesickness passed away.

The old clock on the Academy seemed to strike very slowly. His room-mate said that Oliver ran away one day when the clock began to strike eleven, but they caught him before the last stroke.

4. The boys used to walk to Indian Ridge, and they often went swimming in the river near by. They had many good times together, and Oliver made some pleasant friends. He once went to visit one of the boys who lived at Haverhill, and while there he saw an old house with a bullet hole in it. The bullet which made the hole had been fired by the Indians, in 1703, at a minister by the name of Benjamin Rolfe.

5. There was an old elm tree in Andover which, it was said, had had hoops of iron put around it to prevent the Indians from cutting into it with their tomahawks.

There were no hoops to be seen, and it was said that the bark of the tree had grown over them and buried them.

6. A great many years afterwards, Doctor Holmes went back to Andover for a day, and visited the places in which he and his schoolmates had had so many good times in the years of long ago. He said it seemed as if the little boy of that far-distant time went about with him all day.

When he went to the station to take the train, he asked the agent for two tickets. But the little figure, which seemed to be at his side, whispered, "When you leave this place, you leave me behind you," so he bought but one ticket, and said, "Good-bye, little ghost."

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

těxt	ġēr'taĭn	ca <u>u</u> se
är'tĭ cleş	chaise (shāz)	dēa'con
rēa'son	pār'son	ēarth'quāke

1. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a boy who thought. He often wondered why certain things came to pass, and tried to find some reason for what he saw. He noticed how articles wore out, one part giving way at a time. Sometimes things would break down instead of wearing out. He could understand why it was so with some things; but oftentimes with other things there seemed to him to be no cause for it.

2. One day he said to his brother John, "If you should make something, and have each part of it just as good as every other part, it would all go to pieces at once, would n't it?" After many years had gone by and he had grown to be a man, he put this idea into a poem.

3. This poem was about a Deacon who was going to have a chaise. A chaise is a two-wheeled

carriage with a covered top. Some people used to call it a "shay." The Deacon decided to make every part of his chaise so strong that it could never break down. He found the strongest oak wood to make the floor and spokes and sills. He sent for lancewood to make the thills, and got the best wood for every part. The finest of steel made the springs, and the strongest buffalo hide was used to cover the top, boot, and dasher.

4. When it was finished each part was as strong as could be made, and the Deacon looked with pride upon his work.

The chaise was a wonder. The Deacon and his wife used it all their lives; so did their children and their grand-children.

5. At last it had been used for a hundred years. It then belonged to a parson, and it began to show that it was old; but one part was still as good as another, and it showed no sign of breaking down.

One morning the parson was driving in the chaise and thinking about the text for his next Sunday's sermon, when all of a sudden there was

— “First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock.”

6. Where was the poor, old chaise? It had gone entirely to pieces. Every part was worn out at the same time, for each part was as strong as the other. When the parson got up and looked around, he found the pieces of the old chaise all in a heap,—

“As if it had been to the mill and ground!”



THE DEACON RIDING IN HIS WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

**THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE; OR, THE WONDERFUL
"ONE-HOSS SHAY."**

[ABRIDGED.]

lŏg'ic al	pěr plěxed'	toũgh (tűf)
ěarth'quāke	wěak'ěst	ĩn quĩre'

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,

I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "Naow she'll
dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
First of November, — the Earthquake day. —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay:

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay.
The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
— First a shiver, and then a thrill,

Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !
— What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around ?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE SWEET-PEA STORY.

TOLD BY KITTIE GRAY.

à grēe'able

à dôrned'

dīs pōsī'tion (shŭn)

ōp prĕss'ĕs

ăc cŭs'tóm

cōm plāin'ing



1. "One pleasant morning last May, as I was sunning myself on the top of the fence, little Amy came singing across the yard. She stooped down near me, and began making holes in the earth. I climbed upon her shoulder and peeped over to see what would happen; and I saw that she dropped into every hole a small, round seed. She then

smoothed the earth over the seeds, and ran singing into the house.

2. "Towards noon I stretched myself upon the cool ground near by, exactly on the track of the field-mice. I laid my ear close to the earth, and listened to the low, murmuring sound which seemed to come from below. It was the small, round seeds complaining. 'Oh, how hard it is to stay in the dark! Here it is cold and damp. No air, no sunshine. O how sad!'

"Then I whispered down to them, — for the flower language is very easy to me, — I whispered down to them, 'Wait. Something beautiful will come of it. I have seen many small, round seeds hidden away in the earth, and always something beautiful came of it.'

3. "After that there were cold rains and chilling winds, and I said to myself, 'Poor little seeds! How long they have to wait! I fear they may die of cold.' But one bright morning, when the fields were green and the trees were in bloom, and there was sunshine enough for all the world, I happened to look down from my post, and saw a fine sight.

“Just where the seeds had been hidden away something beautiful had come of it,—a row of pretty green sprouts! And as I watched them day by day, I saw that they very soon put on garments of lovely green, and adorned themselves with rings.

4. “Now this is the way I found out their names. One day Amy came singing into the yard,—it is so pleasant when children come singing,—she came singing into the yard, and she said, ‘Now I must string my sweet peas.’ And then I knew they were sweet peas.

“She took a ball of white cord from her pocket, and began at the end of the row, giving to each one a string by which to climb the fence. But there was not quite enough of the white cord. And so she gave to one a dark, rough, knotted string, and one was left without any at all.

5. “It has been a pleasure during the summer for me to watch these two sweet peas. The one to whom the dark string was given had by no means a happy disposition. As I sat near her one morning, she made the most bitter complaints.

“‘Look across the yard,’ said she. ‘Those plants have all the sunshine, and we have all the shade.’

“I whispered, ‘Wait till afternoon. Then they will have the shade, and you will have the sun. None have the sunshine always. Some shade is good for all.’

6. “‘Well,’ she said, ‘why is this dark, rough, knotty string given to me? I have a great desire to go up. The yellow-birds sing of fine things to be seen from the fence-top. They sing of gardens blooming with flowers, and of bees and butterflies and sparkling waters. And I’ve heard that higher up the air is pure and sweet. It must be very delightful. But I can never climb by that dark, rough string. I’d rather stay below.

7. “‘The earthworm tells me it is quite pleasant here; and he, for one, never wished to go higher. Robin Runaway is a pleasant playfellow, and sometimes the lady-bugs come. I will creep about here and amuse myself with the beetles. This burdock is a fine shelter from the rain. Who knows but some day a pleasant way of climbing may be offered me.’

8. "From that hour I watched her course. At first she ran about gayly enough, playing with the beetles and Robin Runaway; but when a young family of weeds sprang up, it became very hard to move about. Then the burdock spread out its broad leaves, taking from her every ray of sunshine. Scarcely a breath of pure air could reach her. The singing of the birds sounded far away. She bore one pale, sickly blossom, — no more. And now whoever passes that way may find her lying there, a yellow, feeble thing, giving pleasure to none.

9. "But the sweet pea who had no string given her behaved quite differently. She said, 'I was not made to creep about here. There is something in me which says, "Go up! go up!" This earthy smell oppresses me. Oh, if one could only mount to where the birds are singing! I shall never be content to remain here with Robin Runaway and the earthworms. "Up!" is the word.'

10. "And when the yellow-birds sang to her of the beautiful things to be seen from above, — of gardens and fountains and the fragrant breath

of flowers, — she could no longer remain quiet, but resolved to find some way of raising herself from the earth.

11. “And a pleasure it was for me to watch her progress. First she came to a blade of grass. ‘A blade of grass is not very high,’ said she, ‘but then it leads up, and at the top of this there may be found something higher.’ The blade of grass led her to a poppy-stalk. ‘A poppy-stalk is not very high,’ said she, ‘but it leads up, and who can tell what may be found at the top.’

12. “She soon climbed the poppy and found there the leaves of a currant-bush. ‘A currant-bush is not very high,’ said she, ‘but it leads up, and from its top something may take me much higher.’ At the top of the currant-bush, the air seemed filled with sweetness. This came, although she did not know it, partly from her own blossoms. But the bees knew this, and the painted butterflies. These were constant visitors, and charming company they were. And when the humming-birds came, — why, that was the best of all.

13. "And what should she find at the top of the currant-bush but that same dark, rough string I have spoken of. At first she turned away, saying, 'Oh, that is a dark, hard way, too gloomy to be pleasant.' But a little bird came down and whispered something in her ear; and I heard her saying, 'Very true, little bird; very true, little bird. One cannot expect that all the ways will be made pleasant. It leads upward. That is enough.'

14. "And it happened that the dark string led higher than all the rest, reaching even as far as the branch of hawthorn. And now she is where the yellow-birds sing. The air is pure; no smell of earth reaches her there, and she is blooming all over with the flowers that everybody loves.

"A beautiful garden is spread out beneath, where happy children play and fountains sparkle in the sun. A delightful place, where flowers without number are blooming. The air is full of their sweetness. She herself is sweeter than they all. But this she does not know."

ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

A TALK IN THE HONEY MARKET.

Flowers. “Good morrow, good bees, full early ye fly;
What will ye buy? what will ye buy?”

Bees. “We’ll buy your honey, if fresh and sweet,
And good enough for our queen to eat,
And we’ll store it away for our winter’s treat;
For when comes the snow,
And icy winds blow,
The flowers will all be dead, you know.”

Flowers. “And what will ye pay, what will ye pay,
If we provide for that wintry day?”

Bees. “Oh, we’ll tell you fine tales. Great news ye
shall gain,
For we’ve traveled afar over valley and plain.
And the whispering leaves of the forest trees,
They tell all their secrets to wandering bees.
We linger about where the little brooks flow,
And we hear all they sing, though they murmur
so low.
We have played by the shore with the sweet
Rose-Marie,
And have heard the moan of the sorrowful sea.

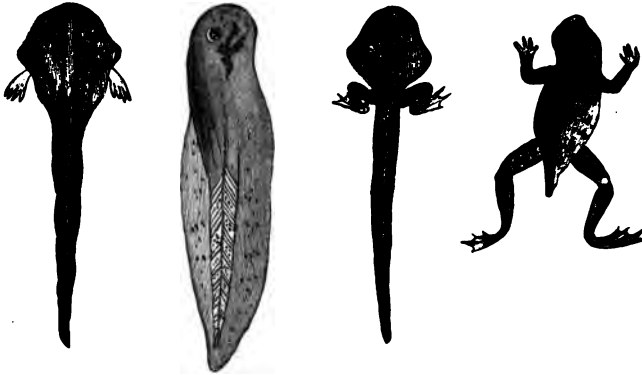
We spend long hours
In the woodland bowers,
And have news from your kindred, the dear wild
flowers.

We know the swamp pinks, with their fragrance
so fine,
The lupine, the aster, and bright columbine.
We know where the purple geranium blows,
And fragrant sweetbrier, and pretty wild rose.
And perhaps we'll tell,
If your honey you'll sell,
Why every one loveth the wild flowers so well."

Flowers. "Oh, tell us this secret, and take all our store!
Tell us how to be loved, and we'll ask nothing
more."

ABBY MORTON DIAZ.





FROM TADPOLE TO FROG.

SOME THINGS ABOUT FROGS.

děš sěrt'	gě'n'ěr al lǝ	sǝp pōše'
nǝm'běrs	crēa'tǝrēs	tǝd'pōlēš
wěath'ěr	spoil'ing	cū'rǝ oǝs
ǝn děr nēath'	sěv'ěr al	cǝm pǝn'ions (yǝnz)

1. Have you ever noticed, when you have been near the side of a pond, masses of little eggs, about the size of a pea, which float on the surface of the water, generally lying among the long grass at the edge of the pond?

2. Well, suppose you were to come back again in a few days to the same place; do you think you would find these dark-looking eggs still there?

No! they would be gone; and in their places you would see numbers of funny little black creatures with very big heads and flat, thin tails, which make them look somewhat like fishes.

3. These little black creatures are called tadpoles. They grow very fast, because they eat a great deal. Little legs grow out from the sides of the body; the tail disappears; and the animal is no longer a tadpole, but a little frog, jumping about just as you have often seen frogs do.

The frog not only drinks with its mouth, but sucks up water through a great many little holes in its skin, just as a sponge does if you put it into a basin of water.

4. A gentleman once caught a number of frogs, which he kept in a bowl of water. As long as there was plenty of water in the basin, they looked fat and well; but if he took them out when the weather was very hot, they soon grew thin and ill.

These frogs became quite tame, and learned to take their food from their master's hand. They were very fond of flies, and were very clever in

catching them. So when the fruit for the gentleman's dessert was laid out in the storeroom, these frogs were placed around it, to act as little policemen to keep the flies from spoiling it; and they did their work very well indeed.

5. Now there are some very funny things about the frog which you should watch for when you see it.

One is, that after it has worn its coat for some time and thinks it is becoming very tight, it makes up its mind to get rid of it; and as this is very curious, I will tell you about it.

6. When a number of frogs have made up their minds to change their skins, having, of course, new ones underneath, several of them begin at once.

Two of its companions hold the one whose coat is to come off, tight round the middle of its body. Then one or two others give little bites and pulls at its skin, till first one leg, and then another, and at last the whole body is set free, and the frog appears with such a clean white skin that I am afraid it must be very vain.



DOCTOR HOLMES IN HIS LIBRARY.

GRANDMOTHER HOLMES AND THE INDIAN.

Bāth shē'bā	věg'ě tá ble ₁	ŭn hārmed'
fiērce	věn'tŭre	ĭn tēnd'əd

1. When Oliver Wendell Holmes was a little boy he liked to hear stories about Indians. His

father could tell them to him, as there had been many living near by when he was young.

Oliver's grandmother was a very brave woman. She knew how to take care of sick people, and was very kind.

There was once a big snow storm. So much snow fell that the houses were almost buried in it.

2. Grandmother Holmes heard of a woman, living in a town near by, who was very ill. She put on her snowshoes, climbed out of the second story window, and went to take care of her. Two men went with her, carrying a long pole, and she took hold of the middle of it to help her walk.

In those days the people were troubled by the Indians. At one time the Indians became so fierce that the men built a fort and left their wives and children there, while the work was being done in the fields.

3. Once when the women and children were alone in the fort, some vegetables were needed for their dinner. No one dared venture out but Bathsheba Holmes, who was afterwards the grandmother of Oliver.

She took a big basket and went through a long path into the garden, where she gathered the fresh vegetables and took them back to the fort.

4. Many years afterwards, when she was an old woman, a poor Indian came to her door. She gave him food, and he told her this story. He began by asking her if she remembered going to the garden with a basket years ago, when the women were in the fort. She told him that she did.

He said that he saw her leave the fort, and intended to kill her with his bow and arrow. He hid in some bushes near the path, and was just about to let the arrow fly when something within him seemed to tell him to stop, and she passed safely by.

5. After she was gone, he thought himself a foolish Indian not to have fired at her, and decided to have her life when she went to the fort.

He watched for her return, but he felt the same power holding him back. He stole away to the other Indians, wondering why he did not shoot her.

He thought it was God who held his arm and saved her, and after that he looked upon her as one under the care of the Indian's God.



AN INDIAN CAMP.



CAMELS CROSSING THE DESERT. •

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

PART I.

Ä'lī (lē)	lī'ā ble	rē ċīved'
Gā'zā	cār'ā vān	mēs'sāge
Sū ěz'	stóm'æh	āim'lëss lý
Häss'an	trăp'pings	ăc'ċi dent

1. Hassan was a camel-driver who lived at Gaza. It was his business to travel across the desert to Suez, to take care of the camels. He had a son named Ali, about twelve years of age.

One day, when Hassan had been absent three months, his wife received a message from him saying that he wished her to send Ali and the camel with the next caravan going to Suez, where he would wait till the boy arrived.

2. Ali was delighted at the thought of crossing the desert with a caravan, riding his own camel, of which he was very fond. His mother was anxious at the thought of her son taking so long a journey, though she was pleased that Ali should be able to help his father.

3. The camel had been bought after many years of careful saving. Though it was so big and strong, it was as gentle as a child. Ali called it Meek-eye. At the sound of his voice the camel would come when it was called, and kneel while its master mounted or the load was put on its back.

4. So Ali got ready the trappings of the camel; he saw that the water bottles did not leak, for, as they were made of skin, they were liable to crack. At last one day he joined a caravan that was going to Suez. They filled their water bottles

at the wells near the gates of the city, and then, having bidden his mother a fond farewell, Ali started off with a light heart.

5. The leading camels had bells on their necks and were ridden by the guides. All the other camels followed the sound of the bells. So they tramped across the desert, the large spongy feet of the camels making a swishing sound as they pressed into the soft sand, while the drivers laughed and talked as they rode along.

No one took notice of Ali, who was the only boy in the party, but he talked to Meek-eye, and so kept up a brave heart.

6. Towards the middle of the day it became so hot that the sand seemed to be on fire. There was no breeze to cool and refresh them. Nothing was to be seen but sand, rocks, and sky. At noon a halt was called where a small stream gushed out of the rocks. At night the party encamped for rest, the camels lying down while fires were lighted and food was cooked.

7. For several days they traveled without accident; but on the fifth day, about noon, the

sky became overcast, a wind sprang up, the sand of the desert began to move about, and in a few minutes one of the dreaded sand-storms of the desert was upon them. The camels at once lay down and pushed their noses into the sand, while their drivers threw themselves flat upon the earth beside the camels.

8. After the storm had passed, a cry of despair was heard from the drivers. The storm had covered the track with sand, and they could not tell which way to go. So they wandered aimlessly. Three days passed thus, and now a graver danger appeared. Their water bottles were dry.

That night, as Ali lay beside his camel, he heard one of the drivers say, "There is only one thing to be done. We must kill a camel and get the water from his stomach. We had better take the boy's camel. Neither he nor his camel will be missed!"

ALI, THE BOY CAMEL-DRIVER.

PART II.

nō'tiċed	ō'ā sīs	ěx pānse'
rě šolve'	pā/m	līs'tened
trēm'bled	tīn'klīng	strāin'īng
whīs'pēr īng	rě frēsh'īng	mīs tāk'en

1. Poor little Ali trembled with fear as he heard these words. What was he to do, alone among these men fierce with thirst? But as he thought of his camel and the father and mother he loved so well, a sudden resolve sprang up within him. He lay quite still till all was hushed in the camp. Then whispering a few words in his camel's ear, he mounted and stole softly away.

2. On he went through the quiet night, with his faithful camel under him and the silent stars above; and as he went he prayed to the God of his fathers to bring him safely through the desert.

At last day broke, and Ali saw all around him nothing but the vast expanse of sand. Towards

noon he became so faint with thirst that he nearly fell from his camel, and felt that very soon there would be nothing for him to do but to lie down and die.

3. Just then the camel plunged forward a little faster, and straining his eyes, Ali saw in the distance the top of a palm tree. The camel had seen it first, and hastening on, in a short time both were having a long drink from a well, in a small oasis in the desert.

4. After a restful sleep Ali awoke, and now noticed the marks of steps upon the sand. He knew that a caravan had been there just before him. So he drove on as fast as he could, and shortly after dusk he saw the welcome blaze of camp-fires. Soon he found himself one of a circle of camel-drivers, who gave him food and drink and listened to his tale.

5. Happy were Ali's dreams, now that he felt his troubles were nearly over. He was awakened by the shouts of drivers and the tinkling of camel-bells from a new party. As he lay listening in a sleepy fashion to these sounds, he

heard a voice that made him jump from the ground.

6. Could he be mistaken? No, it was the sound of a well-known voice, and in an instant he was in his father's arms.

Hassan had waited at Suez for some time, but as Ali did not come, he thought that there had been some mistake, and started for home. What a joyful meeting there was a few days later when at home, at Gaza, Ali told the story of his escape to his mother, who lifted up her heart in thankfulness to the great Father, who had brought her son safely home to her through so many dangers.



THREE COMPANIONS.

gĕn'tle man coŭr'age hĕdġe'rōws

We go on our walk together —
 Baby, and dog, and I —
Three little merry companions
 'Neath any sort of sky ;
Blue, as our baby's eyes are,
 Gray, like our old dog's tail ;
Be it windy, or cloudy, or stormy,
 Our courage will never fail.

Baby 's a little lady ;
 Dog is a gentleman brave ;
If he had two legs as you have,
 He 'd kneel to her like a slave ;
As it is, he loves and protects her,
 As dog and gentleman can.
I 'd rather be a kind doggie,
 I think, than a cruel man.

DINAH MULOCK-CRAIK.

HOLMES AS AN AUTHOR.

ěň'těr	sà lūte'	tīm'běrŝ
ŭn sound'	měd'ĩ cĩne	fā'moŭs
Īron (Ī'ŭrn) sīdes	Cǒn stī tū'tion (shŭn)	

1. After his year of study at the Academy in Andover, Oliver Wendell Holmes was ready to enter Harvard College.

He proved to be a good student, and wrote many poems during his college course. Many in his class became famous men. They in after years used to meet and talk of their college days.

2. Mr. Holmes was chosen class poet, and he wrote several poems in honor of "The boys of '29," as he called them.

One of these "boys" was the Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote the poem beginning "My country, 't is of thee." The words of this poem have been long sung to the familiar tune of "America."

One of Holmes's first well-known poems was "Old Ironsides," the nickname given to the warship "Constitution."

3. This noble vessel came into Boston Harbor, one Fourth of July, firing a salute. She had been a fine ship, and had won many victories in the service of the country.

It was found that the wood in some of her timbers was unsound, and it was proposed to break her up.

The people loved the old ship, and did not wish to have her destroyed. Doctor Holmes felt so indignant that he wrote a poem resenting this proposed action. It was written one afternoon as he sat beside a window in his home at Cambridge.

4. He said in his poem it would be a shame to tear down her banners and strike away her masts. It would be better to nail her flag to the mast, set her sails, and let her ride upon her ocean home until she found a grave beneath its waves.

This poem so stirred the hearts of the people that the grand old ship was saved.

5. After his graduation at Harvard, Mr. Holmes went to Boston to study medicine. He was there



VIEW FROM DR. HOLMES'S HOUSE, BOSTON, LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER
CHARLES, CAMBRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE.

three years, from 1830 to 1833, when he sailed to Paris to complete his studies. He came back in two years and opened a doctor's office in Boston.

He was so bright and cheerful that every one

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
'TEACHERS' LIBRARY

liked him. It made them feel better to see his cheery smile.

6. After a few years, he gave up the practice of medicine and devoted himself for nearly forty years to giving lectures at the Harvard Medical School in Boston.

In his spare time he wrote many works, both in prose and verse. All of his writings have been widely read.

7. During most of his life, Doctor Holmes lived in Boston; his different homes overlooked the river Charles, which he loved so well.

He lived to be very old and died in 1894.

Few men have been admired and respected as was Doctor Holmes for his genius as a writer and his rare character as a man.

NOTE.—The teacher should read Holmes's poem entitled "Old Ironsides" to the class, in connection with this lesson.

BLUNDER.

Blŭn'dĕr	ĭm äġ'ĭne	squĕāk
wəb'ble	slānt'ĭng	lān'tĕrn
stŭmped	chĭm'neŷ	stārved
grŭm'ble	clām'bĕred	ĭn vĭs'ĭ ble

1. Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies and a little coach. Of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the thing is to find it; for it is not, as you imagine, a great gate with a tall marble pillar on each side and a sign over the top like this: WISHING-GATE,—but just an old stile, made of three sticks. Put up two fingers, cross them on the top with another finger, and you have it exactly,—the way it looks, I mean,—an old stile, in the meadow; and as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

2. Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him, for that was not according to fairy rules. She could only direct him to fol-

low the road, and ask the way of the first owl he met; and over and over she said, for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything, “Be sure you don’t miss him, — be sure you don’t pass him by.” And so far Blunder had come on very well, for the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood or turn to the right?

3. There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen; but he was a little afraid to wake him up, for Blunder’s fairy godmother had told him that the owl sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what went on in the daylight under his nose; and he could think of nothing better to say than “Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

4. “Eh! what’s that?” cried the owl, starting out of his nap. “Have you brought me a frog?”

“No,” said Blunder, “I did not know that you would like one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!” hooted the owl, very angry. “How dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!” And ruffling up his feathers, the owl was asleep again in a moment.

5. But how could Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went; and what was the use of asking the owl, thought Blunder, if this was all? While he waited, a chipmunk came down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

“Good Mrs. Chipmunk,” said Blunder, “can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

6. “I can’t, indeed,” answered the chipmunk, politely. “What with storing my nuts and the care of a young family, I have little time to visit anything! But if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water-sprite under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day with a noise like wabble! wabble! He, I have no doubt, can tell you all about it.”

7. So Blunder went on up the brook, and

seeing nothing of the water-sprite or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is, — I can't find him," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog; "but in a pine tree beyond, you will find an old crow, who, I am quite sure, can show you the way, as he is a great traveler."

8. "I don't know where the pine is, — I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder; but still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices.

9. "Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, till I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now *you*. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey. I will come in."

“You shall not, I want my nap.”

10. Looking about him, Blunder spied a bee talking with a morning-glory elf, who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.

“Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?” asked Blunder.

“No,” said the elf, “but if you will keep on in this path, you will meet the Dream-Man coming down from fairyland, with his bags of dreams on his shoulder; and if anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can.”

“But how can I find him?” asked Blunder.

“I don’t know, I am sure,” answered the elf, “unless you look for him.”

11. So there was no help for it but to go on; and presently Blunder passed the Dream-Man, asleep under a witch-hazel, with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over his back. But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes; for at home, when told to find anything, he always said, “I don’t know where it is,” or “I can’t find it,” and then his mother or his sister took pains to find it for him. So he passed the Dream-Man without

seeing him, and went on till he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Jack, and catching up his lantern, set out at once.

12. Blunder followed close, but, in watching the lantern, he forgot to look to his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, flying off among the tree-tops.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder when he clambered out of the hole. "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

"That is not my fault," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

13. Just then Blunder stepped on an old moss-grown stump. This stump was a wood-goblin's chimney; and he fell through, in among the pots and pans in which the cook was cooking the goblin's supper. The old goblin, who was asleep upstairs, started up in a fright at

the clatter, and stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her in a fright to hide Blunder.

“Quick!” cried she, “if my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney.”

14. Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore wildly about the room, in one corner of which stood the shoes; but of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes. “I can’t find them! Oh, I can’t find them!” sobbed little Blunder, running back to the cook.

15. “Run into the closet,” said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but —
“I don’t know where it is,” he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin half-way down the stairs.

“There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that,” cried the cook, quite beside herself.

16. But Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could the shoes and the closet; and no doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him crying out, "I can't find it," but fortunately Blunder caught his foot in the cloak and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

"What was all that noise about?" asked the goblin, gruffly, coming into the kitchen.

17. As he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling upstairs again, while the shoes took Blunder up the chimney and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable! He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry. It was dark, he did not know the way home, and seeing an old stile, he climbed up and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir.

18. Just then came along the South Wind, with his pockets full of showers, and, as he happened to be going Blunder's way, he took him home, — of which the boy was glad enough, only he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way. For what would you

think if you were walking along a road with a fat old gentleman, who went chuckling to himself and slapping his knees and poking himself till he was purple in the face, when he would burst out in a great roar of laughter?

19. "What *are* you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things that I saw in my travels," answered the Wind; "a hen that starved, sitting on an empty peck-measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain, and a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate and came home because he could not find it."

20. "What? What's that?" cried Blunder; but just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire, and though everybody else cried, "What luck?" and "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" she sat silent.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I could n't find it;" and he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

21. "Yes, that is all very fine," cried his god-mother, pulling out her needles and rolling up her ball of silk ; " but now hear my story. There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do.

22. " Now this little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl and waked up the wrong owl ; so he passed the water-sprite, and found only a frog ; so he sat down under the pine tree, and never saw the crow ; so he passed the Dream-Man, and ran after Jack-o'-Lantern ; so he tumbled down the goblin's chimney, and could n't find the shoes and the closet and the cloak ; and so he sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate till the South Wind brought him home, and he never knew it.

" Ugh ! Bah ! " cried the fairy godmother, and away she went up the chimney in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouse-skin cloak.

LOUISE E. CHOLLET.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

1. Louisa May Alcott has made her name dear to all boys and girls. The greater part of her life was spent in Concord, Mass., and it is her home and life there which one learns to know in “Little Women.”



Always bright and merry, with heart full of love for every one, she was the life of the household.

2. She was always busy, working for others. Her early years were full of hardship, but later her books became popular, and she was able to do much for those who were dear to her.

Her artist sister, the one called Amy in “Little Women,” died while abroad, and sent her baby girl, Louisa May Neriker, to Miss Alcott.

3. The little one was a comfort and delight to her aunt, who cared for her like a mother.

They used to have an hour before bedtime, when little Lulu in her aunt's arms listened to pretty stories of fairies and happy children.

4. Just before Miss Alcott's death in 1888, these stories came out in three books, called "Lulu's Library."

Through the kindness of this same Lulu and her cousins, the Demi and Daisy in "Little Men," two of these stories, "Eva's Visit to Fairyland," and "The Fairy Spring," appear in this Reader.



LITTLE MAY ON HER WAY TO THE BROOK.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

PART I.

splāshed

drāg'òn

hū'man

fā'vor (vēr) ĭte

blēach

dī'á mōnd

pēb'ble

fūz'zŷ

cād'dīs

splēn'dīd

mīn'nōw

rāil'īng

1. One summer morning a party of little wood people were talking together about something which interested them very much. The fruit fairy was eating her breakfast as she swung on a long spray that waved in the wind; a bluebird was taking his bath in the pool below, looking as if a bit of the sky had fallen into the water as he splashed and shook the drops from his wings; Skip, the squirrel, was resting on the mossy wall, after clearing out his hole of last year's nuts; Spin, the spider, was busily spreading her webs to bleach; and Brownie, the little bear, was warming his fuzzy back in the sunshine, for his den was rather dark and cold.

2. "It is such a pity that no one understands what the brook is trying to tell them. If they only knew about the fairy spring as we do, this is just the day to set out and find it," said Iris, the elf, as she took the last sip of raspberry shrub from the pretty red cup, and wiped her lips on a napkin Spin had made for her.

3. "Ah, if they only did! How glad I should be to show them the way," answered the bluebird,

as he dried his feathers on a mossy stone, while the caddis worms all popped their heads out of sight in their little stone houses for fear he might eat them.

4. "I have called every child I have seen, and have done my best to lead them up the mountain; but they won't come, and I cannot make them understand the words the brook keeps singing. How dull human creatures are! Even Brownie knows this song, though he is a dear, clumsy thing, always going to sleep when he is not eating," said Skip, with a twinkle in his bright eye; for he and the little bear were good friends.

5. "Of course I do; I've heard it ever since I was born, and the first long walk I took was up the mountain to find the wonderful spring. I drank of it, and have been the happiest creature alive ever since," answered Brownie, with a roll on the green grass.

6. "I am too busy to go, but my cousin Velvetback often comes down and tells me about the splendid life he leads up there, where no foot ever treads on him, no hand ever breaks his

webs, and everything is so still and bright that he is always in a hurry to get home again. When my weaving and bleaching are all done I am going up to see for myself;” and Spin shook off the tiny drops of dew which shone like diamonds on her largest web.

7. “There is one child who comes every day to look at the brook and listen to its babble as it runs under the little bridge over there. I think she will soon hear what it says, and then we will lead her along higher and higher till she finds the spring, and is able to tell every one the happy secret,” said Iris, shaking out her many-colored robe before she skimmed away to float over the pool, so like a glittering dragon fly, few guessed that she was a fairy.

8. “Yes, she is a sweet child,” said the blue-bird, hopping to the wall to look along the lane to see if she was coming. “She never throws pebbles in the water to disturb the minnows, nor breaks the ferns only to let them die, nor troubles us as we work and play as most children do. She leans there and watches us as if

she loved us, and sings to herself as if she were half a bird. I like her, and I hope she will be the first to find the spring."

9. "So do I," said Skip, going to sit by his friend and watch for the child, while Brownie peeped through a chink in the wall that she might not be frightened at sight of him, small as he was.

"She is coming! she is coming!" called Iris, who had flown to the railing of the rustic bridge, and danced for joy as a little figure came slowly down the winding lane.

10. A pretty child, with hair like sunshine, eyes blue as the sky, cheeks like the wild roses nodding to her on either side of the way, and a voice as sweet as the babbling brook she loved to sing with. May was never happier than when alone in the woods; and every morning, with her cup and a little roll of bread in her basket, she wandered away to some of her favorite nooks to feast on berries, play with the flowers, talk to the birds, and make friends with all the harmless wood creatures, who soon knew and welcomed her.

11. She had often wondered what the brook sang, and tried to catch the words it seemed to be calling to her. But she never quite understood till this day, for when she came to the bridge and saw her friends — bluebird, squirrel, and dragon fly — waiting for her, she smiled and waved her hand to them and just at that moment she heard the song of the brook quite plainly :

“ I am calling, I am calling,
As I ripple, run, and sing,
Come up higher, come up higher,
Come and find the fairy spring.

“ Who will listen, who will listen,
To the wonders I can tell
Of a palace built of sunshine,
Where the sweetest spirits dwell ?

“ Singing winds, and magic waters,
Golden shadows, silver rain,
Spells that make the sad heart happy,
Sleep that cures the deepest pain.

“ Cheeks that bloom like summer roses,
Smiling lips and eyes that shine,

Come to those who climb the mountain,
Find and taste the fairy wine.

“I am calling, I am calling,
As I ripple, run, and sing;
Who will listen, who will listen,
To the story of the spring?”

12. “Where is it; oh, where is it?” cried
May, when the song ended; for she longed to see
beautiful things.

“Go up higher, go up higher,
Far beyond the waterfall,
Follow Echo up the mountain,
She will answer to your call.

“Bird and butterfly and blossom,
All will help to show the way;
Lose no time, the day is going,
Find the spring, dear little May,”

sang the brook; and the child was enchanted
to hear the sweet voice talking to her of this
pleasant journey.

13. “Yes, I will go at once. I am ready and
have no fear, for the woods are full of friends,

and I long to see the mountain top ; it must be so lovely up there," she said, looking through the green arches, where the brook came dancing down over the rocks, far away to the gray peak hidden in the clouds.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

PART II.

pǎl'āce	spīr'īt	măg'ic
ēn chānt'ēd	mōs qui' (kē) tō	fōam'ing
ārch'ēs	dōdge	tān'gled
mīght'y	guīde	dăsh'ing

1. There lay the fairy spring, and she was going to find it. The brook said, "Make haste!" so away she went over the wall, with Skip leaping before her, as if to show the safest stones to set her little feet on. Iris waved the raspberry sprays to attract her with the ripe fruit, and when the basket was nearly full, Bluebird flew from tree to tree to lead her on further into the wood. Brownie dodged behind the rocks and

fallen logs, waiting for his turn to come, as he had a fine surprise for the little traveller by and by.

2. It was a lovely road, and May went happily on, with thick moss underneath, shady boughs overhead, flowers to nod and smile at her, and friends to guard, guide, and amuse her. Every ant stopped work to see her pass; birds leaned out of their nests to bid her good-day; and the bright-eyed snakes, fearing to alarm her, hid under the leaves. Bright butterflies flew round her in clouds; and she looked like a pretty one herself, with her blue gown and sunny hair blowing in the wind.

3. So she came at last to the waterfall. Here the brook took a long leap over some high rocks to fall foaming into a basin fringed with ferns out of which it flowed again, to run faster than ever down to join the river rolling through the valley, to flow at last into the mighty ocean and learn a grander song.

4. "I can never go up there without wings," said May, as she looked at the high rocks with

a tangle of vines all over them. Then she remembered what the brook told her, and called out, —

“Echo, are you here?”

“Here!” answered an airy voice.

“How can I climb up?”

“Climb-up.”

“Yes; but can I get through the vines?”

“Through the vines.”

“It is very high, but I can try it.”

“Try it, try it,” answered the voice so clearly that May could not doubt what to do.

“Well, if I’m brave I shall be helped.”

“Be helped,” answered Echo.

5. “Now I’m coming, and I hope I shall find you, sweet Echo.”

“Find sweet Echo,” sang the voice; and when May laughed, a softer laugh answered her so gayly that she forgot her fear in eagerness to see this new friend hiding above the waterfall.

6. Up she went, and as if fairy hands cleared the way for her, the tangled vines made a green ladder for her feet, while every time she stopped for breath and called, as she peeped into the

shadowy nooks or looked at the dashing water, "Are you here?" the mocking voice always answered from above,—

"Here!"

7. So she climbed safely up and sat down to rest at the top, looking down the valley, where the brook danced and sparkled as if glad to see her on her way. The air blew freshly, and the sun shone more warmly here, for the trees were not so thick, and lovely glimpses of far-off hills and plains, like pictures set in green frames, made one eager to go on and see more.

8. Skip and Bluebird kept her company, so she did not feel lonely, and followed these sure guides higher and higher till she came out among the great bare cliffs, where rocks lay piled as if giants had been throwing them about in their rough play.

THE FAIRY SPRING.

PART III.

ēa'gle	cār'pēt ěd	hòn'eỹ
měr'rī ment	trūdġe	nīm'blỹ
wēa'rī nĕss	pĕar'lỹ	crĕv'ĩċe

1. “Oh, how large the world is! and what a little thing I am!” said May, as she looked out over miles of country so far below that the towns looked like toy villages, and people like ants at work. A strong wind blew, all was very still, for no bird sang and no flowers bloomed; only green moss grew on the rocks, and tiny pines no longer than her finger carpeted the narrow bits of ground here and there. An eagle flew high overhead, and great white clouds sailed by so near that May could feel their damp breath as they passed.

2. The child felt a little fear, all was so vast and strange and wonderful; and she seemed so weak and small that for a moment she half wished she had not come.

She sighed, and looked from the mountain top,
hidden in mist, to the sunny valley where mother
was, and a tear was about to fall when Iris came
floating to her like a blue and silver butterfly, and
alighting on her hand, let May see her lovely little
face and hear her small voice as she smiled and
sung, —

“ Have no fear,
Friends are here,
To help you on your way.
The mountain's breast
Will give you rest,
And we a feast, dear May.
Here at your feet
Is honey sweet,
And water fresh to sip.
Fruit I bring
On Bluebird's wing,
And nuts sends merry Skip.
Rough and wild,
To you, dear child,
Seems the lonely mountain way ;
But have no fear,
For friends are near,
To guard and guide, sweet May.”

3. Then at the tap of the fairy's wand, up gushed fresh water from the rock; Bluebird dropped a long stalk of grass strung with raspberries like red beads; Skip scattered his best nuts; and Brownie came with a great piece of honeycomb folded in vine leaves. He had found a wild bees' nest, and this was his surprise. He was so small and gentle, and his little eyes twinkled so kindly, that May could not be afraid, and gladly sat down on the crisp moss to eat and drink with her friends about her.

4. It was a merry lunch, for all told tales and each amused the little pilgrim in his or her pretty way. The bird let her hold him on her hand and admire his pretty blue plumes. Skip chattered and pranced till there seemed to be a dozen squirrels there instead of one. Brownie stood on his head, tried to dance, and was so funny in his clumsy attempts to outdo the others that May laughed till many echoes joined in her merriment. Iris told her splendid stories of the fairy spring, and begged her to go on, for no one ever had so good a chance as she to find out

the secret and see the spirit who lived on the mountain top.

5. "I am strong and brave now, and will not turn back. Come with me, dear creatures, and help me over these great rocks, for I have no wings," said May, trudging on again, much refreshed by her rest.

"I'll carry you like a feather, my dear; step up and hold fast, and see me climb," cried Brownie, glad to be of use.

6. So May sat on his fuzzy back as on a soft cushion, and his strong legs and sharp claws carried him finely over the rough, steep places, while Bluebird and Skip went beside her, and Iris flew in front to show the way. It was a very hard journey, and poor fat Brownie panted and puffed, and often stopped to rest. But May was so surprised and charmed with the lovely clouds all about her that she never thought of being tired.

7. She forgot the world below, and soon the mist hid it from her, and she was in a world of sunshine, sky, and white clouds floating about like ships in a sea of blue air. She seemed to be

riding on them when one wrapped her in its soft arms; and more than once a tiny cloud came and sat on her lap, like a downy lamb, which melted when she tried to hold it.

“Now we are nearly there, and Velvet comes to meet us. These fine fellows are the only creatures who live up here, and these tiny star-flowers the only green things that grow,” said Iris, at last, when all the clouds were underneath and the sky overhead was purple and gold, as the sun was going down.

8. Velvet ran nimbly to give May a silver thread which would lead her straight to the spring; and the path before her was carpeted with the pretty white stars, that seemed to smile at her as if glad to welcome her. She was so eager that she forgot her weariness, and hurried on till she came at last to the mountain top, and there, like a beautiful blue eye looking up to heaven, lay the fairy spring.

9. May ran to look into it, thinking she would see only the rock below and the clouds above; but to her wonder there was a lovely palace

reflected in the clear water and shining as if made of silver, with crystal bells chiming with a sound like water drops set to music.

“Oh, how beautiful! Is it real? Who lives there? Can I go to it?” cried May, longing to sink down and find herself in that charming palace, and know to whom it belonged.

10. “You cannot go till you have drunk of the water and slept by the spring; then the spirit will appear, and you will know the secret,” answered Iris, filling a pearly shell that lay on the brim of the spring.

“Must I stay here all alone? I shall be cold and afraid so far from my own little bed and my dear mother,” said May, looking anxiously about her; for the sky was growing dim and night coming on.

“We will stay with you, and no harm can come to you, for the spirit will be here while you sleep. Drink and dream, and in the morning you will be in a new world.”

11. While Iris spoke, Brownie had piled up a bed of star-flowers in a little crevice of the rock;

Velvet had spun a silken curtain over it to keep the dew off; Bluebird perched on the tallest stone to keep watch; and when May had drunk a cup of the fairy water and lain down, with Skip rolled up for a pillow and Brownie at her feet for a



THE SPIRIT GREET'S LITTLE MAY AT THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

warm rug, Iris waved her wand and sang a lullaby so sweet that the child was in dreamland at once.

12. When she woke it was day, but she had no time to see the rosy sky, the mist rolling away,

or the sunshine dazzling down upon the world, for there before her, rising from the spring, was the spirit so beautiful and smiling May could only clasp her hands and look. As softly as a cloud the spirit floated toward her, and with a kiss as cool as a dew-drop, she said in a voice like a fresh wind:

13. “Dear child, you are the first to come and find me. Welcome to the mountain and the secret of the spring. It is this: whoever climbs up and drinks this water will leave all pain and weariness behind, and grow healthy in body, happy in heart, and learn to see and love all the simple wholesome things that help to keep us good.”

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.



MR. BRYANT'S EARLY HOME.

BRYANT'S BIRTHPLACE.

Cũm'mĩng tòn	fā'moũs	strēams
pàs'tũre	vāl'leỹ	Scõt'land
āl'phá bět	spēar'mĩnt	řĩ'pled
Nồ vēm'běr	Wěst'fiēld	měd'ĩ ċĩne

1. In the western part of Massachusetts is a village called Cummington. This town abounds in hills, almost high enough to be called mountains, and these hills are covered with forests.

There are many streams which spring from the hills and the woods, and after wandering over

the rocks and through the fields, flow into the Westfield River.

2. These streams make the grass and the flowers grow, and water the farms which are on the hillside; and the village makes a pretty picture with its pastures, valleys, and woodland.

Years ago, while George Washington was the President, a doctor named Peter Bryant lived in a log farmhouse upon one of these hillsides. A baby boy was born in that house on the 3d of November in the year 1794. This baby was named William Cullen Bryant. Perhaps his father hoped he would be a doctor when he became a man, for William Cullen was the name of a famous doctor in Scotland.

3. William was a bright little fellow, beginning to walk when he was one year of age; and when he was about a year and a half old, he knew the alphabet.

But this did not help to make him a strong and healthy child, and he became pale and feeble. His father wished his boy to be strong, so every morning the little fellow was dipped in a deep

spring of cold water near the house. The little boy did not enjoy this bath, which was given him by one of the young men who was studying medicine with his father, but he grew stronger.

4. William remembered very little about his early school days. No doubt his bright eyes would often wander to the window, where he could see the birds flying and watch the fleecy clouds. The drowsy hum of the bees and the chirp of the crickets would often lull him to sleep.

Once when he fell asleep his teacher took him from the hard bench into her lap. When he awoke, he was very angry to find himself there, for he thought he was too big to be treated like a baby.

5. He remembered that, when there was a summer shower, the boys told him to take off his hat so that the rain might fall upon his hair and make it grow.

A pretty brook rippled along beside the school-house. William and his schoolmates played beside it, and gathered the spearmint which grew along its banks.

A DAY.

stēe'ple	stile	fłock
ām'ē thŷst	pŭr'ple	dŏm'īnĭe

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—

A ribbon at a time:

The steeples swam in amethyst,

The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,

The bobolinks begun.

Then I said softly to myself,

“That must have been the sun!”

But how he set, I know not.

There seemed a purple stile,

Which little yellow boys and girls

Were climbing all the while,

Till when they reached the other side,

A dominie in gray

Put gently up the evening bars

And led the flock away.

EMILY DICKINSON.

BRYANT'S EARLY HOME LIFE.

chə/k	vī ō līn'	dē cēit'
tīm'bēr	bāss' vī ol	pā'tients (shents)

1. In the spring of 1799 Dr. Bryant left the old log farmhouse and went to live with Squire Snell, his wife's father.

This old man was very odd, and his grandchildren were afraid of him because he was so stern. He was really a kind man at heart, and only severe to those who did wrong; but the boys hardly dared ask a favor of him.

2. Children in those days were kept in order by means of a little bunch of birch rods. These were tied together, and hung from a nail in the kitchen. Sometimes a boy had to gather the twigs for his own punishment.

The grandmother was gentle with the children, and would play with them. Sometimes she made pictures with chalk upon the kitchen floor, and this pleased the children.

Once a man stole a fine piece of timber which Squire Snell was saving to make runners for a

sled. The Squire found out who had done this, and, for punishment, he made the thief carry some rye to three poor widows, and tell them why he had brought it.

3. William's mother was tall and straight. She was a very busy woman, and spun yarn on her wheel, wove it into cloth, and cut and made most of the clothing for the family. She wove her own carpets, made her own candles, and taught her children to read and write.

She was a good woman, and taught her children to hate wrong and deceit. If any of the neighbors were sick or in trouble, Mrs. Bryant was ready to help and comfort them.

4. Dr. Bryant was a kind man, who had read many books and learned a great deal from them. He had the largest library in the village, and it contained over seven hundred books.

He loved poetry and music, and played upon the violin. He made a bass viol, and learned to play upon that.

His calls were made upon horseback, and his patients paid him what they pleased.

THE BRAVE DRUMMER-BOY.

Lĩn'coln	ěn'ě mǔ	Cõn'grěss
brěast	ser'(sär) ġeant	pär'à pět
col'onel (kûr'nel)	wound'(wõond)ěd	nõt'à ble

1. General Grant gained a notable victory at the battle of Missionary Ridge during the great Civil War. President Lincoln sent a letter of thanks to him and his army for their skill and bravery, and Congress voted to have a gold medal sent to the victorious general.

2. One of the bravest hearts in that great battle was a little drummer-boy from Ohio, whose name was John. He was only a boy, with bright black eyes, but he was fearless and he loved his country.

When he saw the soldiers preparing for this battle, he went to the colonel and asked him if he might lay aside his drum and shoulder a gun.

3. "Go back to your regiment," said the colonel, and the little fellow turned sadly away.

It was a fierce battle, and John finally threw

down his drum and dashed into the front ranks. He had no gun, but soon a comrade fell at his side, and he shouldered his musket and pressed to the front. Just then a fire swept the row, and the drummer-boy dropped to the ground.

4. Again and again the lines were driven back, only to make fresh charges upon the enemy's breastworks.

While they waited under the Ridge for another order to charge, they missed John. Some one said: "John is wounded and lies close to the enemy's breastworks. He will surely die, if he is left there."

5. One soldier, a sergeant, crept back over the battlefield until he found the drummer-boy, lying there near the enemy's guns. The boy put out his hand and tried to rise, saying, "I think in a moment more I should have stood on the parapet, for I have been used to climbing; but I shall never climb any more.

"Please wake me, Sergeant, when you see the men climb those breastworks. I think I shall

forget my pain when I see the old flag waving against the sky.”

6. The sergeant lifted the boy and carried him to the Ridge. How the men shouted when they saw him!

When General Grant saw the flags floating on the slopes of Missionary Ridge, the dying drummer-boy heard the news, too. He smiled in spite of his suffering, and was glad he had given his life for his country.

BRYANT'S SCHOOL DAYS.

lũnch'eòn	hōme'stēad	rāfts
băt'tle	dĩm'ple	gē ōg'rá phỹ (fỹ)
rĩv'ũ lēt	rĩp'ples	mēlt'ing

1. After the Bryant family moved into the old homestead, William and his brother Austin went to school in a little house near by.

This house stood on the bank of the same rivulet which ran by their home. If it had been a little larger the boys might have gone to school in a boat.

Their teacher was called Neighbor Briggs, and he had a long birch rod with which he kept the boys in order.

2. William was a very good speller, and fond of geography. His lessons interested him, and he liked to study and learn about this beautiful world.

In many country schools, the children live so far from school that they do not go home at noon, but carry their dinners with them.

They sit out under the trees, when it is pleas-

ant, and eat their luncheon, and then play about until the teacher rings a bell to call them into the schoolhouse.

3. William and the other boys often played together near the water. They would build dams across the stream, make rafts, and sail their little boats.

In the winter they would slide on the ice, and build forts of the snow. How the snowballs used to fly when they had a snow battle!

William loved this stream, or rivulet, as he called it. It was his playfellow at home and at school, and was always sparkling and ready for a frolic, as it ran down to join the Westfield River, and was carried on to the sea.

4. He loved the murmur of its ripples over the stones, and found music in its singing waters. The birds sang in the bushes on its banks, and the violet grew close to its waters.

In the springtime, when the rains filled all the streams, and the melting snow ran down the hillsides into them, the rivulet would become quite a large stream.

It would leap and dimple, and sometimes tear off pieces of its bank and carry them further down to some other meadow or wood.

5. It would seem to dance to its own music, and laugh as it played with the roots along its bank; and it made the bushes along its bank feel as if they were dancing, too, for when they looked at themselves in the waters, they were whirling and turning with the silver ripples.

When William was very young, he began to write poetry. The verses came singing themselves into his mind, and he used to write the thoughts which came to him.

6. Do you think he forgot the little rivulet? No, indeed. It was too dear a friend. When he grew older, he would sit by its side and write poetry there. He had the moss and grass for a carpet, the blue sky overhead, and the soft airs and sweet odors of the wood about him. He loved the quiet hush, only broken by the sounds of the birds' notes and the singing of the rivulet. Many of his best poems were written out of doors.



A RIVULET FLOWING THROUGH THE WOODS.

THE RIVULET.

[ABRIDGED.]

ōōz'ŷ	prāt'tlĭng	thrāsh'ēr
wā'tēr crĕss	grăn'deūr	wā'bĭng

This little rill, that from the springs
 Of yonder grove its current brings,
 Plays on the slope awhile, and then
 Goes prattling into groves again,
 Oft to its warbling waters drew
 My little feet, when life was new.

When woods in early green were dressed,
And from the chambers of the west
The warm breezes, traveling out,
Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
My truant steps from home would stray,
Upon its grassy side to play,
List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
And crop the violet on its brim,
With blooming cheek and open brow,
As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me ; and I wrote, on high,
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,

Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
 How swift the years have passed away,
 Since first, a child, and half afraid,
 I wandered in the forest shade.
 Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
 Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
 And sporting with the sands that pave
 The windings of thy silver wave,
 And dancing to thy own wild chime,
 Thou laughest at the lapse of time.

The same sweet sounds are in my ear
 My early childhood loved to hear;
 As pure thy limpid waters run;
 As bright they sparkle to the sun;
 As fresh and thick the bending ranks
 Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
 The violet there, in soft May dew,
 Comes up, as modest and as blue;
 As green amid thy current's stress,
 Floats the scarce-rooted water cress;
 And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
 Still chirps as merrily as then.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



PART I.

crŷs'tal

à nēm'ō nēs

rē flēc'tion (shŭn)

cush'ions (kōōsh'ŭnz)

sīl'ver ŷ

blōom'ing

1. Somewhere in a garden of this earth, grew a fresh, bright little Daisy. The first this little Daisy knew, she found herself growing in green pastures and beside the still waters; and very beautiful did life look to her, as her bright little eyes opened and looked down into the deep crystal waters of the brook below.

2. She knew all the yellow-birds and meadow-larks and bobolinks and blackbirds that sang, piped, whistled, or chattered among the bushes and trees in the pasture, and she was a favorite with them all. The fish that darted to and fro in the waters seemed like so many living gems. Beautiful flowers grew up in the water or on the moist edges of the brook.

3. In fact, there is scarcely any saying how many beautiful blooming things grew in that green pasture where dear little Daisy was so happy first to open her bright eyes. They did not all blossom at once, but had their graceful changes, — a sending forth of leaves, or a making of buds, or a bursting out into blossoms.

4. When the blossoms passed away, there were

seeds, all packed away so snugly in their little seed-pods, which were of every dainty shape that ever could be fancied for a lady's jewel box. Overhead there grew a widespreading apple tree, which in the month of June became a bouquet, holding up to the sun silvery opening flowers and pink-tipped buds.

5. Little Daisy's life was one delight from day to day. She had a hundred playmates among the light-winged winds that came to her every hour to tell her what was going on all over the green pasture, and to bring her sweet messages from the violets and the anemones. There was not a ring of sunlight that danced in the golden network at the bottom of the brook that did not bring a thrill of gladness to her heart.

At night the dewdrops stepped about among the flowers and washed their leaves and faces before they went to rest, and they kept tender guard all night over the flowers, watching to see that all was safe.

6. Sometimes a great surly, ill-looking cloud would appear in the sky, like a cross school-

master, and sweep up all the sunbeams, and then he would send a great, strong wind down on them all, with a frightful noise and roar, and sweep all the little flowers flat to the earth; and there would be a great pattering of raindrops; but in about half an hour it would be all over, — the sunbeams would all dance out from their hiding-places, just as good as if nothing had happened.

7. Daisy had the greatest pride and joy in her own white blossoms; for as fast as one dropped its leaves, another was ready to open its eyes, and there were buds of every size, waiting still to come on. “How favored I am!” said Daisy; “I never stop blossoming. The anemones and the bloodroot have their time, but then they stop and have only leaves, while I go on blooming; how nice it is to be made as I am!”

8. “But you must remember,” said a great, rough Burdock to her, — “you must remember that your winter must come at last, when all this fine blossoming will have to be done with.”

“What do you mean?” said Daisy, in a tone

of pride. "You are an ugly old thing, and that's why you are cross."

"Tell me, Bobolink," said Daisy, "is there any truth in what this Burdock has been saying? What does she mean by winter?"

"I don't know, — not I," said Bobolink, as he turned a dozen somersets in the air and perched himself airily on a thistle-head, singing, —

"I don't know, and I don't care;
It's mighty pleasant to fly up there,
And it's mighty pleasant to light down here,
And all I know is chip, chip, cheer."

9. "Say, Humming-bird, do you know anything about winter?"

"Winter? I never saw one," said Humming-bird; "we have wings, and follow Summer round the world, and where she is, there go we."

"Meadow-lark, Meadow-lark, have you ever heard of winter?" said Daisy.

Meadow-lark was sure he never remembered one. "What is winter?" he said, looking confused.

“Butterfly, Butterfly,” said Daisy, “come, tell me, will there be winter, and what is winter?”

10. But the Butterfly laughed, and danced up and down, and said, “What is Daisy talking about? I never heard of winter? Winter? ha! ha! What is it?”

“Then it’s only one of Burdock’s sayings,” said Daisy. “Just because she is n’t pretty, she wants to spoil my pleasure, too. Say, dear lovely tree that shades me so sweetly, is there such a thing as winter?”

And the tree said, with a sigh through its leaves, “Yes, daughter, there will be winter; but fear not, for the Good Shepherd makes both summer and winter, and each is good in its time. Enjoy thy summer and fear not.”

THE DAISY'S FIRST WINTER.

PART II.

Bûr'döck	frīnged	Shēp'hērd
càs'kěts	whīth'ēr	drēar'ŷ
âir'ī lŷ	pērched	pleas' (plězh) ūre

1. The months rolled by. The violets had long ago stopped blooming, their leaves were turning yellow but they had beautiful green seed-caskets, full of rows of little pearls, which next year should come up in blue violets. The dog-toothed violet and the eyebright had gone under ground, and Daisy wondered whither they could be gone. The brook side seemed all on fire with golden-rod, and the bright yellow was relieved by the rich purple tints of the asters, while the blue fringed gentian held up its cups, — and still Daisy had leaves and blossoms, and felt strong and well.

2. By and by there came winds and storms of sleet and hail; and then at night it would be so cold, so cold! and one after another the leaves and flowers fell stiff and frozen. The leaves fell from the apple tree, and sailed away down the

brook; the butterflies lay dead with the flowers, but all the birds had gone singing away to the sunny south, following the summer into other lands.



EARLY WINTER NEAR DAISY'S HOME.

“Tell me, dear tree,” said Daisy, “is this winter that is coming?”

“It is winter, darling,” said the tree, “but fear not. The Good Shepherd makes winter as well as summer.”

“*I* still hold my blossoms,” said Daisy, — for Daisy was a hardy little thing.

3. But the frosts came harder and harder every night, and first they froze her blossoms, and then they froze her leaves, and finally all, all were gone, — there was nothing left but the poor little root, with the folded leaves of the future held in its bosom.

“Ah, dear tree!” said Daisy, “is not this dreadful?”

“Be patient, darling,” said the tree, “I have seen many, many winters; but the Good Shepherd loses never a seed, never a root, never a flower: they will all come again.”

4. By and by came colder days and colder; and then there came driving storms, and the snow lay over Daisy’s head. But still from the bare branches of the apple tree came a voice of cheer. “Courage, darling, and patience! Not a flower shall be lost; winter is only for a season.”

“It is so dreary!” murmured Daisy.

“It will be short: the spring will come again,” said the tree.

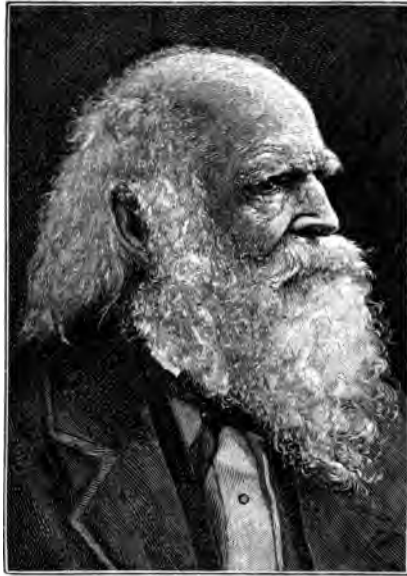
5. And at last the spring did come, and the snow melted and ran away down the brook, and the sun shone out warm, and fresh green leaves jumped and sprang out of every dry twig of the apple tree ; and one bright day, little Daisy opened her eyes, and lo ! there were all her friends once more.

There were the eyebrights and the violets and the anemones — only ever so many more of them than there were last year, because each little pearl of a seed had been nursed by the snows of winter, and had come up as a little plant to have its own flowers.

6. The birds all came back and began building their nests, and everything was brighter and fairer than before ; and Daisy felt strong at heart because she had been through a winter and learned not to fear it.

She looked up into the apple tree. “ Will there be more winters, dear tree ? ” she said. “ Darling, there will ; but fear not. Enjoy the present hour, and leave future winters to Him that makes them.”

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



MR. BRYANT IN HIS OLD AGE.

BRYANT'S BOYHOOD.

bõt'ä nŷ

wan'děr

nā'tŭre

fěath'ěr ŷ

spär'klĭng

sěarched

1. Dr. Bryant soon learned that his son William would rather be a poet than a doctor. His wish was that he should do whatever was best.

When he knew how much William loved poetry, he gave him good books of poems to

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY

read. Dr. Bryant also loved nature, and he often walked in the fields and woods with his son, talking with him and teaching him about the trees and flowers.

2. When William worked upon the farm for his father, they would rest at noon time under the shade of the trees, and study botany. He soon knew much about plants and where they grew, and used to wander by himself into the forests that crowned the hills. Nature had always been his dear friend, and he learned many beautiful lessons from her.

3. The spring delighted him with its merry brooks and brave little blossoms. How eagerly he searched for the earliest blooms and loved the tiny blossoms, which brought sweet promises from the heavy skies!

He said there was beauty in his winter walks. The brook was as gay with its border of sparkling frostwork as with its fringe of summer flowers.

He could see the village through the leafless trees. When the clouds had shaken down to

earth the feathery snow, and all was white, he liked to visit the groves.

4. In the autumn it made him sad to see the leaves heaped in the hollows of the wood. The frost had killed the flowers, and the south wind could whisper to them no more.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. BRYANT WROTE HIS FAMOUS POEM,
"THANATOPSIS."

But the beautiful trees in the early fall seemed like giant kings in purple and gold. He liked to hear the wind at play with the bright leaves along the paths in the woods.



This is a picture of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1812. Her father was a famous minister; and her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, became still more famous.

Mrs. Stowe's greatest work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," made her known all over the world. She lived a noble life; her death occurred in June, 1896. All her writings bear the stamp of her genius as an author and her goodness as a woman.

We have just read the story of "The Daisy's First Winter," written by Mrs. Stowe, and now let us read another, called "The Squirrels that Live in a House."



AUNT ESTHER AND HER PET SQUIRRELS.

THE SQUIRRELS THAT LIVE IN A HOUSE.

<i>wrĕn</i>	<i>spär'rôw</i>	<i>hătched</i>
<i>chăt'tĕr</i>	<i>flight'y</i>	<i>dīs qui'ĕt</i>
<i>ōwn'ĕr</i>	<i>rĕ sôt'</i>	<i>scĭs'sors (sĭz'zĕrs)</i>

1. Once upon a time a gentleman went out into a great forest and cut away the trees, and built there a very nice little cottage. It was set very low on the ground, and had very large

bow windows, and so much of it was glass that one could look through it on every side and see what was going on in the forest.

2. You could see the little chipping sparrows and thrushes and robins and bluebirds building their nests here and there among the branches, and watch them from day to day as they laid their eggs and hatched their young. You could also see red squirrels and gray squirrels and little striped squirrels darting and springing about, here and there and everywhere, running races with each other from bough to bough, and chattering at each other in the gayest possible manner.

3. Old Mrs. Rabbit declared that the hammering and pounding made her nervous. "Depend upon it, children," she said to her long-eared family, "no good will come to us from this change. Where man is, there comes always trouble for us poor rabbits."

The old chestnut tree that grew on the edge of the woodland ravine drew a great sigh which shook all its leaves. The squirrels talked together of the dreadful state of things that would come.

“Why!” said old Father Gray, “Nature made the nuts for us; but one of these great human creatures will carry off what would keep a hundred poor families of squirrels in comfort.” The blue-birds and bobolinks, it is true, took more cheerful views of matters; but then, as old Mrs. Ground-Mole observed, they were a flighty set, half their time being spent in the south.

4. In spite of all this disquiet about it, the little cottage grew and was finished. The walls were covered with pretty paper, the floors carpeted with pretty carpets; and, in fact, when it was all arranged, and the garden walks laid out and beds of flowers planted around, it began to be confessed that after all it was not so bad a thing as had been feared.

5. Several gay butterflies fluttered in and sailed about, and were wonderfully delighted, and then a bumblebee and two or three honeybees expressed themselves well pleased with the house, but more especially enchanted with the garden. In fact, when it was found that the owners were very fond of Nature, and had come out there for

the purpose of enjoying her, — that they watched and spared the flowers, that they never allowed a gun to be fired to scare the birds, and watched the building of their nests with the greatest interest, — then every cricket and bird and beast was loud in their praise.

6. “Mamma,” said young Titbit, a frisky young squirrel, one day, “why don’t you let Frisky and me go into that pretty new cottage to play?”

“My dear,” said his mother, who was a very careful old squirrel, “how can you think of it? If you had wings like the butterflies and bees, you might fly in and out again; but as matters stand, it’s best for you to keep well out of their way.”

7. “But, mother, there is such a good fairy lives there! and she seems to love us; she sits in the window and watches us for hours, and she scatters corn all around at the roots of the tree for us to eat.”

“She is well enough,” said the old mother squirrel, “if you keep far enough off; but you can’t be too careful.”

8. Now this good fairy was a nice little old lady that the children used to call Aunt Esther; and she was a dear lover of birds and squirrels and all sorts of animals, and had studied their little ways till she knew just what pleased them. And so she would every day throw out crumbs for the sparrows, and little bits of thread and wool and cotton to help the birds that were building their nests, and would scatter corn and nuts for the squirrels.

While she sat at her work in the bow window, she would smile to see the birds flying away with the wool and the squirrels nibbling their nuts. After a while the birds grew so tame that they would hop into the bow window, and eat their crumbs off the carpet.

9. "There, mamma," said Titbit and Frisky, "only see! Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast have been in at the window, and it did n't hurt them, and why can't we go?"

"Well," said old Mother Squirrel, "you must be very careful: never forget that you have n't wings like Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast."

10. So the next day Aunt Esther laid a train of corn from the roots of the trees to the window, and then from the window to her workbasket, which stood on the table beside her; and then she put quite a handful of corn in the workbasket, and sat down by it, and seemed intent on her sewing. Very soon, creep, creep, creep, came Titbit and Frisky to the window, and then into the room, just as sly and as still as could be, and Aunt Esther sat just like a statue for fear of disturbing them.

11. They looked all around in high glee, and when they came to the basket it seemed to them a wonderful little summer-house, made on purpose for them to play in. They nosed about in it, and turned over the scissors and the needlebook, and took a nibble at her white wax, meanwhile stowing away the corn each side of their little chops, till they looked as if they had the mumps.

12. At last Aunt Esther put out her hand to touch them, when, whisk-frisk, out they went, and up the trees, chattering and laughing before she had time even to wink.

But after this they used to come in every day, and when she put corn in her hand and held it very still, they would eat out of it; and finally, they would get into her hand, until one day she gently closed it over them, and Frisky and Titbit were fairly caught.

13. Oh, how their hearts beat! But the good fairy only spoke gently to them, and soon unclosed her hand and let them go again. So day after day they grew to have more and more faith in her, till they would climb into her workbasket, sit on her shoulder, or nestle away in her lap as she sat sewing. They also made long voyages all over the house, up and through all the chambers.

14. The dear good fairy passed away from the house in time, and went to a land where the flowers never fade and the birds never die; but the squirrels still continued to make the place a favorite resort.

“In fact, my dear,” said old Mother Red one winter to her mate, “what is the use of one’s living in this cold, hollow tree when these people

have erected this pretty cottage where there is plenty of room for us and them too? Now I have looked between the eaves, and there is a charming place where we can store our nuts, and where we can run in and out of the garret; and, say what you will, these humans have delightful ways of being warm and comfortable in winter."

15. So Mr. and Mrs. Red set up housekeeping in the cottage, and had no end of nuts and other good things stored up there.

The trouble of all this was, that as Mrs. Red got up to begin her housekeeping and woke up all her children at four o'clock in the morning, the good people were often disturbed by a great rattling and fuss in the walls, while yet it seemed dark night.

Then sometimes, too, I grieve to say, Mrs. Squirrel would give her husband lectures in the night, which made him so cross that he would rattle off to another part of the garret to sleep by himself; and all this broke the rest of the worthy people who built the house.

16. What is to be done about this we don't know. What would you do? Would you let the squirrels live in your house, or not? When our good people come down on a cold winter morning, and see the squirrels dancing and frisking down the trees, and chasing each other so merrily over the garden chair between them, or sitting with their tails saucily over their backs, they look so jolly and pretty that they almost forgive them for disturbing their night's rest, and think they will not do anything to drive them out of the garret to-day.

And so it goes on; but how long the squirrels will rent the cottage in this fashion, I'm sure I dare not undertake to say.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.



We now have a picture of Mrs. Celia Thaxter who wrote the poem on the next page, called "The Sandpiper."

Mrs. Thaxter was born a little over sixty years ago in the quaint old seaport town of Portsmouth in New Hampshire. She passed the early days of her girlhood on the bleak Isles of Shoals, about ten miles off the New Hampshire coast. She wrote a delightful book about her life on her dreary island home, which you must read some day. Her poems about the ocean, birds, and flowers, written especially for children, are beautiful in thought and expression. Mrs. Thaxter died in 1894.



THE SANDPIPER.

Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.



*Are we not God's children both
Thou little sand piper and I?*

HOW ANDY SAVED THE TRAIN.

pär tŭc'ũ lar (lěr)	bēav'ērŝ	ěn ġĩ nēer'
cõn trīb'ũte	strōl'ĩng	hõr'ĩrĩ ble
strēched	făsh'ĩõnŝ	scrēech'ĩng

1. Andy Moore was a short, freckled, little country boy, tough as a pine knot. Sometimes he wore a cap and sometimes he did not. He was not at all particular about that; his shaggy red hair, he thought, protected his head well enough.

2. As for what people would think of it, — he did not live in a city where one's shoe-lacings are noticed; his home was in the country, and a very wild, rocky country it was. He knew much more about beavers, rattlesnakes, and birds' eggs than he did about fashions.

3. He liked to sit rocking on the top of a great, tall tree, or to stand on a high hill, where the wind almost took him off his feet. Andy's house was a rough shanty on the side of the hill; it was built of mud, peat, and logs, with holes for windows. There was nothing very pleasant there.

4. Near his father's house there was a railroad track; and Andy often watched the black engine as it came puffing past, belching out great clouds of steam and smoke, and screeching through the valleys and under the hills like a mad thing. Although it went by the house every day, yet he never wished to ride in it; he had been content with lying on the sand bank, watching it disappear in the distance, leaving a great wreath of smoke curling round the tree tops.

5. One day, as Andy was strolling across the track, he saw that there was something wrong about it. He did not know much about railroad tracks, because he was as yet quite a little lad; but the rails seemed to be wrong somehow, and Andy had heard of cars being thrown off by such things.

6. Just then he heard a low, distant noise. Dear, dear! the cars were coming then! He was but a little boy, but perhaps he could stop them in some way; at any rate there was nobody else there to do it.

7. Andy never thought that he might get killed himself; but he went and stood straight

in the middle of the track, just before the bad place on it that I have told you about, and stretched out his little arms as far apart as he could. On, on came the cars, louder and louder. The engineer saw the boy on the track, and whistled for him to get out of the way. Andy never moved a hair.

8. Again the engine whistled. Andy might have been made of stone for all the notice he took of it. Then the engineer, of course, had to stop the train, saying something in his anger to the boy as he did so, "for not getting out of the way." But when Andy pointed to the track, and the man saw how the brave little fellow had not only saved his life, but the lives of all his passengers, his scolding changed to blessing very quickly.

9. Everybody rushed out to see what a horrible death they had escaped. Had the cars rushed over the bad track, they would have been hurled headlong down the steep bank into the river. Ladies kissed Andy's rough, freckled face, and cried over him; and the men, as they looked at

their wives and children, wiped their eyes and said, "God bless the boy."

And that is not all: they took out their purses and made up a large sum of money for him; not that they could ever repay the service he had done them, — they knew that, — but to show him in some way besides in mere words that they felt grateful.

10. Now that boy had presence of mind. Good, brave little Andy! The passengers all wrote down his name — Andy Moore — and the place he lived in; and if you wish to know what was done for him, I will tell you.

He was sent to school, and, in after years, to college, and these people whose lives he saved paid his bills, and helped to make a place in the world for him.

FANNY FERN.



The next piece, called “Tiny’s First and Only Lie,” was written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, whose portrait we have on this page. She was born in Boston in 1844, but soon after moved to Andover, Mass. She began to write stories when a very young girl, and has been writing ever since.

No doubt you have read some of her many stories for children, especially the “Trotty” books. Her books for grown-up people are deeply interesting and widely read. Her writings, like her life, are full of beauty and truth, and there is comfort and meaning in her simplest stories.



TINY AND HER PET RABBIT, MOP.

TINY'S FIRST AND ONLY LIE.

swäl'lōwed	gōōse'bēr rŷ	false'hōōd
scām'pēred	frīght'ēned	grām'mar (mēr)
ūn dēr stānd'	sīn'gū lar (lēr)	wīnk'īng

1. One day Tiny went out to play with her pet rabbit. He was all brown, from the tips of his ears to the tip of his tail, and Tiny named him Mop. He had become as tame as a kitten, and Tiny found him quite a playmate,

This morning, after she had given him his breakfast of carrots and clover, she took him for a race in the garden. Mop was in fine spirits, and he scampered away after her down the path, and hopped past her into the gooseberry bushes.

Tiny ran after him, and found him hiding under the leaves, looking out at her with his eyes very bright.

2. Just then the gooseberries, which were full and ripe on the bush, caught her eye.

“How nice they look!” she said to herself.

“I’ll just *taste* one; I won’t eat it, because mother does not like me to eat them,” said Tiny; and she put the berry to her lips. It tasted so good that she thought she might as well swallow it while she was about it; and then she thought two would not hurt her any more than one, so she ate two.

After that she ate another, and another, and then —

“Tiny!” called her mother, from the house.

3. Tiny gave a start, swallowed the last berry

whole, caught up Mop in her arms, and walked slowly into the house.

“What were you doing, Tiny?” asked her mother.

“Oh,” said Tiny, looking all about the room, “I went out to play with Mop.”

“Did you eat any gooseberries, Tiny?”

“No, mother, I did n’t!”

4. “Tiny,” said her mother, soberly, “is my little girl very sure of this?”

“Mother, just see Mop, how he is biting my finger. I don’t think he is very polite, do you?”

“Tiny, you did not answer my question.”

“What was it about? Oh, I remember now. Yes, mother, I’m very sure of this.”

“I hope,” said her mother, looking steadily at her, “that my little girl will always be careful to speak the truth.”

“Yes,” said Tiny, quickly.

Tiny’s mother sat a minute as if she were thinking very soberly about something; then she rose, without another word, and left the room.

5. As soon as Tiny was left alone she went into the corner behind the door, and sat down

on the floor. She sat there a long time, with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands.

It was the first time she had ever told a falsehood; and such a strange little pain had come into her heart that she thought at first she was sick, and was quite frightened; but after a few minutes she began to understand that it was because she had done wrong. Then she thought about God all at once, and was afraid he would not love her any more, and then she began to cry.

6. After she had cried very softly for a little while, she thought she would go and play with Mop; so she ran away, and tried to play. But somehow all the fun seemed to have gone out of everything. Besides, Mop made her think of the gooseberries; so she went back to her corner behind the door again, and stayed there till dinner time. Then she went to the dining-room skipping, and singing some merry little song.

7. "Father," she asked at the dinner table, "what is the difference between *goose* and *geese*?"

"One is singular; the other is plural," said

her sister Ellen, who wanted to show how much grammar she knew.

“Why,” explained her father, “if you see one goose, that is a *goose*; but if you see a good many, we call them *geese*.”

“Tiny,” said her mother, “what made you think about geese?”

8. “I guess it must be those gooseberry bushes in the garden,” said her brother Fred.

Tiny felt choking, and passed her plate for some more pudding.

About the middle of the afternoon, Tiny came into her mother’s room, looking very serious.

“What is the matter?” asked her mother.

“Mother, I’ve been thinking this is a queer world — don’t you think so?”

“What made you think so, Tiny?”

9. Tiny began to play with the baby just then, and made no answer. Presently she put her arms round her mother’s neck, and said, —

“I’ve got a stone in my heart, mother.”

“What do you mean, Tiny?”

“Here,” said Tiny, putting her hand under her chin; “I think I’m sick.”

“My little girl is not very happy—is n’t that it?”

“I do feel so full of sorrows, but I think it’s a stone; perhaps I swallowed it sometime.”

“No, I think not,” said her mother. “You want to tell me something, don’t you?”

10. “Mother,” said Tiny, in a whisper, “what *do* you suppose I did?”

“What was it, Tiny?”

“I—I ate a gooseberry this morning.”

“I am very sorry to hear that,” said her mother, laying down her work.

“I believe I ate two.”

“Is that all, Tiny?”

11. “I should n’t wonder if I ate a lot,” said Tiny, winking very hard to keep from crying.

“Why did you not tell me that this morning?” said her mother, sadly.

Tiny hung her head.

“I would rather have my little girl do anything else in the world than tell a lie.”

12. "Oh, mother!" and Tiny broke out in a sudden cry. "Oh, mother, I am so sorry! I don't know what made me do it, and I'll never, never do it again."

"I hope you won't," said her mother, "and now you must go to your own room till tea time."

It was a long and dreary afternoon to Tiny, as she sat alone thinking about what she had done. I doubt if she ever forgot it as long as she lived. She never told a lie again.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.



MOP.



This is a picture of Lucy Larcom, who wrote the next piece, called "Dandelion-Down." She also wrote other charming stories and poems for children. Her home was in Beverly, on the coast of Massachusetts. She wrote a little book of poems when she was only seven years old. While she was a young woman she worked in the cotton mills at Lowell, using her spare moments in reading good books and writing poems. For many years she was a personal friend of Whittier, the Quaker poet of Amesbury.

Miss Larcom was dearly beloved for her writings and her worth as a woman.

DANDELION-DOWN.

dăn'dê li ón	gỗ'sà mễ	phăn'tóm
ghōsts	spīn'nǐng	scăt'těr ỉng

1. Floss-Hair ran out to play in the sunshine among the dandelions. Grandmamma watched her from the doorway where she sat spinning,— her little bright head in its halo of silky gold. Suddenly Floss-Hair paused, and turned a questioning glance towards the doorway.

Grandmamma looked very lovely to Floss-Hair from where she stood. A silvery sunbeam danced around her spinning wheel, so that she seemed to spin behind a veil of gossamer; and in her gray dress, with her quiet eyes smiling out from under her white, smooth hair, she was more than beautiful.

2. Floss-Hair broke a downy seed globe from its stalk, and blew it one, two, three times. The plumes fluttered around her in the air; not one was left on the stem. “Grandmamma wants me,” she said, and ran back to the door.

“What was it stopped your play, little one?”



DANDELIONS IN BLOOM.

“Why, there is scarcely a dandelion left there in the grass, and in their places are rows of round gray heads, standing up like ghosts. Why need flowers die, grandmamma?”

3. “Did you see where the seed feathers went, Floss-Hair, when you blew them from the stem?”

“Oh, into the air, to sail off on the clouds, perhaps.”

“No, no, dear; some of them glided away to hide under the velvet grass of the lawn, where they will sleep all summer and all winter, and next spring will come out again, wide-awake young dandelions. And see there, — the yellow-birds are taking the gray plumes to weave into the lining of their nests, and hundreds of little shivering birds will be thankful another year that the golden blossoms were changed to dandelion-down.”

4. “So the dandelions are spinning silk to line the birds’ nests with,” said Floss-Hair; “and grandmamma sits and spins for me. Dear grandmamma, your hair is gray and soft like dandelion-down, — I hope no cruel wind will ever blow you away from me.”

“But, little one, my hair was once all fly-away gold, like yours. Call me Dandelion-Down, — the phantom of a little Floss-Hair that played among the meadow blossoms seventy years ago.”

5. “No, no, grandmamma, I will not call Dandelion-Down a ghost any more; it is a little, common, yellow flower turned to an angel, scattering blessings about the world, like a white-haired grandmamma I know, who has kind words always ready to give everybody. If people could only be sure of growing good and lovely as they grow old!”

6. The next spring little Floss-Hair strayed silently among the dandelions, for the chair in the doorway was vacant, and the spinning wheel was still. But the child’s heart was not wholly sad. Her memory was a nest of warm and tender thoughts that seemed fluttering back to her from the dear, silver-haired friend, now one of the white angels of heaven.

LUCY LARCOM.

THE MAPLE TREE'S CHILDREN.

By ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

ABBY MORTON DIAZ was born at Plymouth, Mass., in 1821. The little girl was allowed to live out of doors, a free, happy life, wandering about the ship-yards, and playing upon the beach to her heart's content. She was very fond of playing with other children, and often invented games, making songs to fit them.

When this play season was over, she became fond of study, and began writing a little for children. She was full of music, and would gather children about her and teach them to sing.

When her first story for children appeared in print she was almost ashamed to have her friends see it, for it seemed to her that nothing of her own was worth publishing.

The story was well received, however, and followed by many others, which are full of nature, imagination, and fun.

She lives near Boston, and is interested at present in writing for older people.

shĭv'ěr ĭng

prĕ šĕnt'ĕd

mŭl'tĭ tŭdeŝ

thrŭsh'ĕŝ

dĕs'ō lāte

prĕŝ'ent lŷ

1. A MAPLE TREE awoke at springtime, shivering in the east winds. "O Mother Nature," she said, "I tremble with cold. Behold my limbs, ugly and bare. The birds

are all coming back from the South, and I would look my best. They will soon be building their nests. O, a bird's-nest does make a tree so pleasant! But they will not come to me, because I have no leaves to hide them!"

2. And kind Mother Nature smiled, and presented her daughter Maple with such multitudes of leaves! More than you could count! These gave beauty to the tree, besides keeping the rain out of the bird's-nests. For birds had quickly come to build there, and there was reason to expect a lively summer.

3. A happy Maple Tree now was she, and well pleased with her pretty green leaves. They were so beautiful in the sunlight; and the winds whispered such sweet things to them as to make them dance for joy! A pair of golden robins had a home there, and thrushes came often. Sunshine and song all day long! Or if the little leaves became hot and thirsty in the summer's heat, good Mother Nature gave them cooling rain-drops to drink. A happier Maple Tree could nowhere be found.

4. "Thanks! thanks, Mother Nature," she said, "for all your care and your loving kindness to me!"

But when autumn came with its gloomy skies and its chilling winds, the Maple Tree grew sad, for she heard her little leaves saying to each other, "We are going to die! We are going to die!"

People living near said, "Hark! Do you hear the

wind? It sounds like fall.” Nobody told them it was the leaves, all over the forest, saying to each other, “We are going to die! We are going to die!”

“My dear little leaves!” sighed the Maple Tree. “Poor things, they must go! Ah, how sad to see them droop and fade away!”



A WOODLAND SCENE, SHOWING THE FOLIAGE IN ITS MIDSUMMER GRANDEUR.

5. “I will make their death beautiful,” said kind Mother Nature. And she changed their color to a scarlet, which glowed in the sunlight like fire.

And every one said, “How beautiful!”

And one cold morning she stood with her limbs all

bare, looking very desolate. The bright leaves lay heaped about her.

“Dear, pretty things!” she said. “How I shall miss them! They were such a comfort! And how ugly I am! Nobody will care for me now!”

But presently a flock of school-girls came along, talking cheerily of ferns, red berries, and autumn leaves.

6. “And I think,” said one, “that there’s a great deal of beauty in a tree without any leaves at all.”

“So do I,” said another. “Just look up through this tree. Its branches and boughs and twigs make a picture against the sky!”

And the lively school-girls passed on.

“Ah,” said the Maple Tree, “this will at least be pleasant to dream about!”

For she already felt her winter’s nap coming on. If she could but have heard what her little leaves said to each other afterwards, down there on the ground!

7. “Dear old tree! She has taken care of us all our lives, and fed us, and held us up to the sun, and been to us a kind mother, and now we will do something for her. We will get under ground and turn ourselves into food to feed her with, for she’ll be sure to wake up hungry after her long nap!”

8. Good little things! The rains helped them, and the winds,— in this way: the rains beat them into the ground,

and the winds blew sand over them, and there they turned themselves into something very nice for the old Maple Tree, — something good to take.

And now, as she wakes up again in the spring and takes a full meal of it, she is once more lively and happy, and many fresh young leaves unfold to clothe her limbs.

THE FROLIC OF THE LEAVES.

BY HARRY L. KOOPMAN.

a'zure (ăzh'ur)	īm plōr'ing	swāth'ing
grēen/sward	scām'pēr ing	croōned

THE leaves of the elm and the maple
 First opened their wondering eyes
 Under the bending beauty
 Of the azure April skies.

They drank in the warmth of springtime,
 They threw off their swathing bands,
 And reached out into the sunlight
 Their pink, imploring hands.

They were rocked in the arms of summer,
 While wandering winds above
 Crooned a low lullaby to them
 In murmuring music of love.

But the drowsy charm of the west wind
The leaves threw off ere long,
For they heard in the blue above them
The bright birds' tempting song.

And beneath them they saw the greensward
With its beckoning blooms, and they sighed
To be out of the lonely tree-top
Into the world so wide.

At last, after watching and waiting,
Autumn, the beautiful, came
Stepping with sandals of silver,
Decked with a mantle of flame.

Then Nature, the loving mother,
In the moony month of sheaves,
Arrayed in yellow and crimson
Her children, the forest leaves.

The leaves clapped their hands, delighted,
And shouted loud in their glee.
They sprang on the back of the north wind,
Which lifted and set them free.

Ha! 'Twas a glorious riding
As they leaped along with the blast,
Frisking along over fences,
Scampering gaily and fast.



A WINTER VIEW, THE LEAVES COVERED "WITH BLANKETS, WARM AND DEEP."

So sped they. At last the north wind
 Began to grow chill and bleak;
 Their dresses were torn and faded,
 Their feet were weary and weak.

So Nature, the loving mother,
 Who had watched them with many fears,
 Laid them to rest on the brown earth
 She had softened with her tears.

Then covered them tenderly, softly,
 With snow blankets, warm and deep,—
 Her children, tired of playing,
 And weary, and full of sleep.

JACKANAPES AND THE PONY.

By JULIANA HORATIA EWING.

THIS charming selection is taken from "Jackanapes," a quaint and very popular sketch of the same name. It was written by Mrs. Ewing, who died in 1885, at the age of forty-four. The writings of this lady, who contributed so extensively to English juvenile literature, under the name of "Aunt Judy," have become popular in America as well as in her own country. "Jackanapes" is her best literary work and made her name famous. The book as a whole is delightful reading.

cō'cōa nŭt	wāist'cōats	mīs'chīef
ōp pŏr tū'nī tŷ	bē hāv'ior (yěr)	mīl'ī tā rŷ
cŏn fī dēn'tial (shal) lŷ		

1. It was after the Fair that Jackanapes, out rambling by himself, was knocked over by the Gypsy's son riding the Gypsy's red-haired pony at breakneck pace across the common.

Jackanapes got up and shook himself, none the worse except for being heels over head in love with the red-haired pony. What a rate he went at! How he spurned the ground with his nimble feet! How his red coat shone in the sunshine! And what bright eyes peeped out of his dark forelock as it was blown by the wind!

2. The Gypsy boy was willing enough to reward Jack-

anapes for not having been hurt, by consenting to let him have a ride.

“Do you mean to kill the little fine gentleman?” screamed the Gypsy mother, who came up just as Jackanapes and the pony set off.

“He would get on,” replied her son. “It’ll not kill him. He’ll fall on his yellow head, and it’s as tough as a cocoanut.”

3. But Jackanapes did not fall. He stuck to the red-haired pony; but, oh, the delight of this wild gallop with flesh and blood! Just as his legs were beginning to feel as if he did not feel them, the Gypsy boy cried, “Lollo!” Round went the pony.

Jackanapes clung to his neck; and he did not properly recover himself before Lollo stopped with a jerk, at the place where they had started.

4. “Is his name Lollo?” asked Jackanapes, his hand lingering in the wiry mane.

“Yes.”

“What does Lollo mean?”

“Red.”

“Is Lollo your pony?”

“No. My father’s.” And the Gypsy boy led Lollo away.

5. At the first opportunity Jackanapes stole away again to the common. This time he saw the Gypsy father.

“Lollo is your pony, is n't he?” said Jackanapes.

“Yes.”

“He's a very nice one.”

“He's a racer.”

“You don't want to sell him, do you?”

6. “Fifteen pounds,” said the Gypsy father; and Jackanapes sighed and went home again. That very afternoon he and Tony rode the two donkeys; and Tony managed to get thrown, and even Jackanapes' donkey kicked. But it was jolting, clumsy work after the elastic swiftness and the dainty mischief of the red-haired pony.

7. A few days later, Miss Jessamine spoke very seriously to Jackanapes. She told him that his grandfather, the General, was coming to the Green, and that he must be on his very best behavior during the visit.

What mischief could be foreseen, Jackanapes promised to guard against. He was to keep his clothes and his hands clean, not to put sticky things in his pockets, to be sure to say “sir” to the General, and to be careful about rubbing his shoes on the door-mat. The General arrived; and for the first day all went well.

8. Jackanapes began to feel at ease with his grandfather, and disposed to talk confidentially with him, as he did with the postman. All that the General felt, it would take too long to tell; but he was disposed to talk confidentially with Jackanapes.

"A pretty place this," he said, looking out of the lattice on to the Green, where the grass was vivid with sunset and the shadows were long and peaceful.

9. "You should see it in Fair week, sir," said Jackanapes, shaking his yellow mop, and leaning back in his one of the two arm-chairs in which they sat.

"A fine time that, eh?" said the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

Jackanapes shook his hair once more. "I enjoyed this last one the best of all," he said. "I'd so much money."

"Indeed, it's not a common complaint in these bad times. How much had ye?"

"I'd two shillings. A new shilling aunty gave me, and elevenpence I had saved up, and a penny from the postman."

10. "You don't want money except at Fair times, I suppose?" said the General.

Jackanapes shook his head.

"If I could have as much as I want, I should know what to buy," said he.

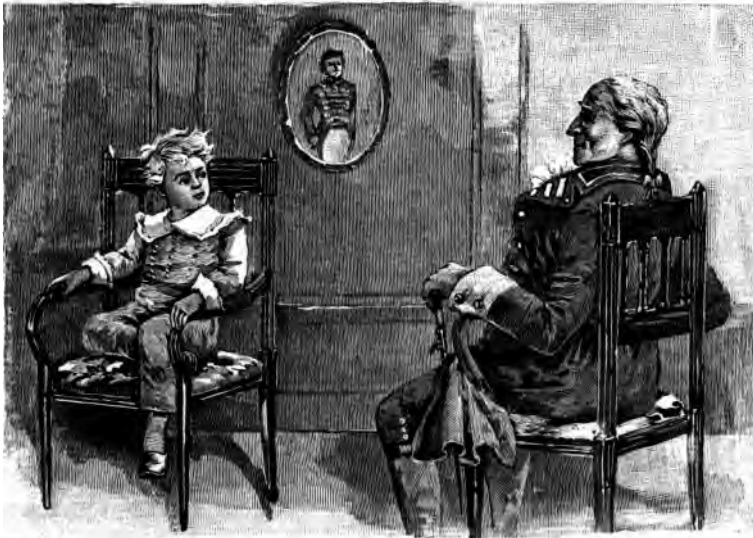
"And how much do you want, if you could get it?"

11. "Wait a minute, sir, till I think what twopence from fifteen pounds leaves. Two from nothing you can't, but borrow twelve. Two from twelve, ten, and carry one. Please remember ten, sir, when I ask you. One from nothing you can't, borrow twenty. One from

twenty, nineteen, and carry one. One from fifteen, fourteen. Fourteen pounds nineteen and— what did I tell you to remember ?”

12. “Ten,” said the General.

“Fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence, then, is what I want,” said Jackanapes.



JACKANAPES AND THE OLD GENERAL.

“All that money! what for ?”

“To buy Lollo with. The Gypsy’s red-haired pony, sir. Oh, he is beautiful! You should see his coat in the sunshine! You should see his mane! You should see his tail! Such little feet, sir, and they go like lightning!

Such a dear face, too, and eyes like a mouse! But he's a racer, and the Gypsy wants fifteen pounds for him."

13. "If he's a racer you couldn't ride him. Could you?"

"No—o, sir, but I can stick to him. I did the other day."

"Indeed you did! Well, I'm fond of riding myself; and if the beast is as good as you say, he might suit me."

"You're too tall for Lollo, I think," said Jackanapes, measuring his grandfather with his eye.

"I can double up my legs, I suppose. We'll have a look at him to-morrow."

"Don't you weigh a good deal?" asked Jackanapes.

"Chiefly waistcoats," said the General, slapping the breast of his military frock coat. "We'll have the little racer on the Green the first thing in the morning. Glad you mentioned it, grandson; glad you mentioned it."

14. The General was as good as his word. Next morning the Gypsy and Lollo, Miss Jessamine, Jackanapes and his grandfather and his dog Spitfire were all gathered at one end of the Green in a group. The General talked to the Gypsy, and Jackanapes fondled Lollo's mane, and did not know whether he should be more glad or miserable if his grandfather bought him.

"Jackanapes!"

"Yes, sir!"

“I’ve bought Lollo, but I believe you were right. He hardly stands high enough for me. If you can ride him to the other end of the Green, I’ll give him to you.”

15. How Jackanapes tumbled on to Lollo’s back he never knew. He had just gathered up the reins when the Gypsy father took him by the arm.

“If you want to make Lollo go fast, my little gentleman —”

“I can make him go!” said Jackanapes; and drawing from his pocket the trumpet he had bought in the Fair, he blew a blast both loud and shrill.

Away went Lollo, and away went Jackanapes’ hat. Away went Spitfire, mad with the rapture of the race and the wind in his silky ears.

Jackanapes and Lollo rode back, Spitfire panting behind.

16. “Good, my little gentleman, good!” said the Gypsy. “You were born to the saddle. You’ve the flat thigh, the strong knee, the wiry back, and the light, caressing hand; all you want is to learn the whisper. Come here!”

“What was that fellow talking about, grandson?” asked the General.

“I can’t tell you, sir. It’s a secret.”

They were sitting in the window again, in the two arm-

chairs, the General watching every line of his grandson's face.

"You must love your aunt very much, Jackanapes."

"I do, sir," said Jackanapes, warmly.

"And whom do you love next best to your aunt?"

17. The ties of blood were pressing very strongly on the General himself, and perhaps he thought of Lollo. But love is not bought in a day, even with fourteen pounds nineteen shillings and tenpence. Jackanapes answered quite readily, "The postman."

"Why the postman?"

"He knew my father," said Jackanapes, "and he tells me about him and about his black mare. My father was a soldier, a brave soldier. He died at Waterloo. When I grow up I want to be a soldier too."

"So you shall, my boy ; so you shall."

18. "Thank you, grandfather. Aunty doesn't want me to be a soldier, for fear of being killed."

"Bless my life ! Would she have you get into a feather-bed and stay there ? Why, you might be killed by a thunderbolt if you were a butter merchant !"

"So I might. I shall tell her so. What a funny fellow you are, sir ! I say, do you think my father knew the Gypsy's secret ? The postman says he used to whisper to his black mare."

19. "Your father was taught to ride, as a child, by one

of those horsemen of the East who swoop and dart and wheel about a plain like swallows in autumn. Grandson! love me a little too. I can tell you more about your father than the postman can."

"I do love you," said Jackanapes, "and I'll try to be very good; but I want to be a soldier."

"You shall, my boy, you shall. Cavalry, I suppose. Well — well — if you live to be an honor to your country, this old heart shall grow young again with pride for you; and if you die in the service of your country — it can but break for you."

HOW THE CLIFF WAS CLAD.

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

rå vine' (vën)	för'eign	ěx ăm'ined
bōul'děr	crěv'ice	ăs tōn'ish ment

1. BETWEEN two cliffs lay a deep ravine, with a full stream rolling heavily through it over boulders and rough ground. It was high and steep, and one side was bare, save at the foot, where clustered a thick, fresh wood, so close to the stream that the mist from the water lay upon the foliage in spring and autumn. The trees stood looking upwards and forwards, unable to move either way.

2. "What if we were to clothe the Cliff?" said the

Juniper one day to the foreign Oak that stood next him. The Oak looked down to find out who was speaking, and then looked up again without answering a word. The Stream worked so hard that it grew white; the North-wind rushed through the ravine; and the bare Cliff hung heavily over and felt cold.

“What if we were to clothe the Cliff?” said the Juniper to the Fir on the other side.

3. “Well, if anybody is to do it, I suppose we must,” replied the Fir, stroking his beard; “what dost thou think?” he added, looking over to the Birch.

“In God’s name, let us clothe it,” answered the Birch, glancing timidly towards the Cliff, which hung over her so heavily that she felt as if she could scarcely breathe. And thus, although they were but three, they agreed to clothe the Cliff. The Juniper went first.

4. When they had gone a little way they met the Heather. The Juniper seemed as though he meant to pass her by. “Nay, let us take the Heather with us,” said the Fir. So on went the Heather. Soon the Juniper began to slip. “Lay hold on me,” said the Heather. The Juniper did so, and where there was only a little crevice the Heather put in one finger, and where she had got in one finger the Juniper put in his whole hand. They crawled and climbed, the Fir heavily behind with the Birch. “It is a work of charity,” said the Birch.

5. But the Cliff began to ponder what little things these could be that came clambering up it. And when it had thought over this a few hundred years, it sent down a little Brook to see about it. It was just spring flood, and the Brook rushed on till she met the Heather.

“Dear, dear Heather, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little,” said the Brook. The Heather, being very busy, only raised herself a little, and worked on. The Brook slipped under her, and ran onwards.

“Dear, dear Juniper, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little,” said the Brook.

6. The Juniper glanced sharply at her; but as the Heather had let her pass, he thought he might do so as well. The Brook slipped under him, and ran on till she came where the Fir stood panting on a crag.

“Dear, dear Fir, canst thou not let me pass? I am so little,” the Brook said, fondly kissing the Fir on his foot. The Fir felt bashful and let her pass. But the Birch made way before the Brook asked.

“He, he, he,” laughed the Brook, as she grew larger.

“Ha, ha, ha,” laughed the Brook again, pushing Heather and Juniper, Fir and Birch, forwards and backwards, up and down on the great crags.

7. It was clear the Cliff did not wish to be clad. The Heather felt so vexed that she turned green again, and

then she went on. “Never mind; take courage!” said the Heather.

The Juniper sat up to look at the Heather, and at last he rose to his feet. He scratched his head, and then he too went on again, and clutched so firmly, that he



HIGH AND STEEP CLIFFS CLAD WITH TREES.

thought the Cliff could not help feeling it. “If thou wilt not take me, then I will take thee,” said he.

8. The Fir bent his toes a little to feel if they were whole, lifted one foot, which he found all right, then the other, which was all right too, and then both feet. He first examined the path he had come, then where he had been lying, and at last where he had to go. Then he strode onwards, just as though he had never fallen. The

Birch had been splashed very badly, but now she got up and made herself tidy.

And so they went rapidly on, upwards and sideways, in sunshine and rain.

“But what in the world is all this?” said the Cliff, when the summer sun shone, the dewdrops glittered, the birds sang, the woodmouse squeaked, the hare bounded, and the weasel hid and screamed among the trees.

9. Then the day came when the Heather could peep over the Cliff’s edge.

“O dear me!” said she, and over she went. “What is it the Heather sees, dear?” said the Juniper, and came forwards till he, too, could peep over.

“Dear me!” he cried, and over he went. “What’s the matter with the Juniper to-day?” said the Fir, taking long strides in the hot sun. Soon he, too, by standing on tiptoe could peep over.

10. “Ah!” — every branch and prickle stood on end with astonishment. He strode onwards, and over he went.

“What is it they all see, and not I?” said the Birch.

“Ah!” said she, putting her head over, “there is a whole forest, both of Fir and Heather, and Juniper and Birch, waiting for us on the plain;” and her leaves trembled in the sunshine till the dewdrops fell. “This comes of reaching forwards,” said the Juniper.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.



A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

$\bar{a}$ as in <i>fāte</i>	$\hat{a}$ as in <i>cāre</i>	$\dot{t}$ as in <i>īdea</i>	$\bar{o}\bar{o}$ as in <i>fōod</i>
$\bar{a}$ “ <i>senāte</i>	$\bar{e}$ “ <i>mēte</i>	$\dot{t}$ “ <i>īt</i>	$\bar{o}\bar{o}$ “ <i>fōot</i>
$\hat{a}$ “ <i>fāt</i>	$\hat{e}$ “ <i>ēvent</i>	$\dot{t}$ “ <i>sīr</i>	$\bar{u}$ “ <i>ūse</i>
$\hat{a}$ “ <i>ārm</i>	$\hat{e}$ “ <i>mēt</i>	$\bar{o}$ “ <i>ōld</i>	$\bar{u}$ “ <i>ūnite</i>
$\hat{a}$ “ <i>all</i>	$\bar{e}$ “ <i>hēr</i>	$\bar{o}$ “ <i>ōbey</i>	$\bar{u}$ “ <i>ūp</i>
$\hat{a}$ “ <i>ask</i>	$\dot{t}$ “ <i>īce</i>	$\bar{o}$ “ <i>nōt</i>	$\bar{u}$ “ <i>fūr</i>

II. EQUIVALENTS.

$\hat{a}$ = $\bar{o}$ as in <i>what</i>	$\bar{o}$ = $\bar{o}\bar{o}$ as in <i>wolf</i>	$\bar{u}$ = $\bar{o}\bar{o}$ as in <i>pull</i>
$\hat{e}$ = $\hat{a}$ “ <i>thère</i>	$\bar{o}$ = $\bar{u}$ “ <i>són</i>	$\bar{y}$ = $\dot{t}$ “ <i>flȳ</i>
$\dot{t}$ = $\bar{e}$ “ <i>gīrl</i>	$\bar{o}$ = $\hat{a}$ “ <i>hōrse</i>	$\bar{y}$ = $\dot{t}$ “ <i>babȳ</i>
$\bar{o}$ = $\bar{o}\bar{o}$ “ <i>mōve</i>	$\bar{u}$ = $\bar{o}\bar{o}$ “ <i>rule</i>	

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

$\underset{\cdot}{c}$ = s as in <i>mice</i>	<i>th</i> (unmarked) as in <i>thin</i>
$\underset{\cdot}{e}$ or $\underset{\cdot}{c}$ (unmarked) = k as in <i>eall</i>	<i>ph</i> = f “ <i>phantom</i>
$\underset{\cdot}{e}h$ = k as in <i>sehōol</i>	$\underset{\cdot}{s}$ = z “ <i>is</i>
<i>ch</i> (unmarked) “ <i>child</i>	$\underset{\cdot}{z}$ (like s sonant) “ <i>zone</i>
$\underset{\cdot}{g}$ like j “ <i>cāge</i>	<i>qu</i> (unmarked) “ <i>quite</i>
$\bar{g}$ (hard) “ <i>gēt</i>	$\underset{\cdot}{x}$ = gz “ <i>exat</i>
$\underset{\cdot}{n}$ = ng “ <i>īnk</i>	$\underset{\cdot}{x}$ (unmarked) = ks “ <i>vex</i>
<i>th</i> “ <i>thēm</i>	

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral form, are italicized. Silent letters are also italicized.

WORD LIST.



THE following is an alphabetical list of words used in this Reader. Many of the more common words that have been used in the previous Readers of the series are omitted.

This list may be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

ā' ble	à light'	ăp' ple
à bound ₁ '	ăl lowed' (loud)	ăp plȳ'
à broad'	à lǒng'	ăr' bĩ těr ₁
ăb' sěnt	à loud'	ărched
ăc' ǵĩ dent	ăl thōugh'	ăr ₁ m' fũl
ăc count'	ăm' ě thȳst	ăr' mȳ
ăche	à mĩd'	à rou ₁ se'
ăc' tion (shũn)	à mĩss'	ăr rānge'
ă' gent	ăn' chored (kěrd)	ăr rĩve'
à grēe' à ble	à nēm' ô nē	ăr' tĩ cle
à grēed'	ăn' ĩ mal ₁	ăr' tĩst
ăim' lěss	ânt	ăsh' ě ₁
ăir' gũn	ăn' thēm	à shōre'
ăir' ĩ lȳ	ăn' tĩcs	à sĩde'
ăisle	a' ny (ěn' ỹ) thĩng	ăs tǒn' ĩsh ment

ăt tăck'	blāze	brīsk
au' thor (thēr)	blēach	brō' ken-heärt' ěd
ā while'	blēak	brōom' stīck
ā wōke'	blōōd	brow (brou)
a' zure (āzh' ūr)	blōōd' rōōt	brūsh
	blūn' dēr	būck' le
băb' bled	bōard	būff
bā' sīn	bōd' ŷ	būf' fà lō
bās' kět	bōld' lŷ	būg' gŷ
bāss-vī' òl	bōlt	bul' lět
bēad	bōneş	bul' rūsh
bēam	bos' òm	būm' blē bēe
bēa' vēr	bōt' ā nŷ	bûr' den
bē hāv' ior (yēr)	bōt' tle	bûr' dōck
bē hōld'	bōt' tōm	bur' ied (bēr' rīd)
bē' īng	bought (bat)	bûrst
bělch' īng	bōul' dēr	būsh' ěl
běl' frŷ	bou quet' (bōō kâ')	busi' (bīz) nēss
bē lēved'	bowed (boud)	būzz
bēnch	bow' (bou) ěrş	
bënd	bōwl	căd' dīs
bē nēath'	brāin	că/m' nēss
bē sīde'	brănd	că'm' ěl
bē tōok'	brāv' ěr ŷ	cămp' fīre
bē trāy'	brāyed	căn' kēr-worm
bīd' den	breāk	(wûrm)
bīt' tēr	brēast' work (wûrk)	căn' tēr
blăck'-eyed (īd)	brēath	cā' pēr
blăst	brī' dle	căp' tăin

căř' à vãn	clăm' bër	côn sënt'
cărd	clăp' pîng	côn tăined'
căre' lëss	clăsp	côn tënt'
căr' pět	clăt' těr	côn tîn' ùe
căr' ròt	clawed	côn trīb' ùte
căs' kët	clögŝ	cōok' ỹ
căt' ěr pîl lar	clōŝed	cōp' ỹ
(lër)	clōse'-rēefed	cōrn
cauŝe	clōth' ñng	cōr' něr
chaise (shāz)	clūmp	cōst
chạlk	clūm' ŝỹ	cōt' ton
chănçe	cōach	coũr' áge
chánt	cōast	cōurt
ehăr' ác těr	cōb' wěb	còv' ěr lět
chăr' gēs	cō' còa nūt	cow' ard(cou' ěrd)lỹ
chăr' ĭ tỹ	cōl' lar (lër)	cow' (cou) slĩp
chărm' ñng	colo' nel (kũr' něl)	cō' zỹ
chăt' těr	cōlt	crăck' ěr
child' hōod	cōl' ũm bîne	crāpe
child' ĭsh	cōmbed	crawled
chīme	còm' fort (fěrt) à ble	crā' zỹ
chĩnk	còm păn' ion (yũn)	crēek
chĩp	cóm' pass	crēep
chĩp' mũnk	còm plāin' ñng	crēpt
chĩrp	còm plēte'	crěv' ĭçe
ehō' rūs	côn fěssed'	crick' ět
chō' ŝen	côn fĩ dẽn' tial (shal) lỹ	crōak
chũck' lĩng	côn fũsed'	croōn
gĩr' cle	cōn' quer or (kěr ěr)	crōp

cröss	dě fěnd'	dīs' tance
crouched	dě lāy'	dīs' tant
crowd (croud)	děł' ĭ cāte	dīs tūrb'
crŷs' tal	děn	dōdge
cūre	děnts	dōm' ĭ nĭe
cū' rĭ oūs	dě pēnd'	dōn' keŷ
cūr' rent	dē' pōt	doŭ' ble
cush' iòn	děpths	doubt
cūs' tòm	dě scribe'	down' ward
cūt	dě sĭre'	(doun' wěrd)
	děsk	dòz' en
dāin' tŷ	dēs' ô lâte	drāg' òn
dām	dě spāir'	drā' pēr ŷ
dāmp	dēs sĭrt'	drēad' ful
dān' dē lĭ òn	dě stroyed'	drew (dru)
dān' gēr	dě vōt' ěd	dried
dārk' en ĭng	dĭ' á mōnd	drĭft' wōod
dār' lĭng	dĭf' fēr ent	drĭnk
dārt' ěd	dĭpped	drōop' ěth
dāy' lĭght	dĭ rēct'	drōp' lĭght
dāz' zĭng	dĭ rēc' tion (shŭn)	drōpped
dēa' con	dīs āp pēar'	drow' (drou) sŷ
dēaf	dīs āp point'	drŭm
dēal	dīs gŭst'	drŭm' mēr-boy
dē cāy'	dĭsk	dū' lŷ
dē ċēit'	dīs māy'	dŭmb
dē ċēived'	dīs pō sĭ' tion	dūr' ĭng
dē ċĭd' ěd	(shŭn)	dŭsk
dēemed	dīs quĭ' ět	dū' tŷ

ěa' gěr
 ěa'gle
 ěarl
 ěar' lý
 ěarth' quāke
 ěase
 ěas' ý
 ěaves
 ěbbed
 ěd' ĭ tor (těr)
 ěf' fort (fûrt)
 ěl' bôw
 ěld' ěst
 ělěv' en
 ělf
 ěmp' tý
 ěn cāmp'
 ěn chànt' ěd
 ěn' ě mý
 ěn ģĩ nēer'
 ěn joy'
 ěn tĩre' lý
 ěs pe' cial ly
 (pěsh'al lý)
 ěs' sáy
 ě' ven
 ě věnt'
 ěv' ěr ý where
 (whâr)

ěx áct' lý
 ěx ám' ĩne
 ěx clāim'
 ěx' ĩle
 ěx pānse'
 ěx pěct' ěd
 ěx pěnse'
 ěx plāin'
 ěx přes' sion
 (přesh' ũn)
 fāil' ũre
 fāint
 fā! len
 fālse' hōōd
 fāme
 fām' ĭ lý
 fā' moūs
 fān' ģies
 fān' nĩng
 fāsh' ïon
 fāult
 fā' vored (věrd)
 fēar' lěss lý
 fēast
 fēe' ble
 fēel
 fēel' ĩng
 fēl' lōw

few (fū)
 fī' ěr ý
 fif' tēen
 fīg' ũre
 fī' nal lý
 fīn' ĩsh
 fīt
 fīt' ful
 fīts
 fīxed
 flāg
 flāg' rōōt
 flāsh
 flēd
 flīght' ý
 flīnch
 flīt
 flūt' těr
 fōld' ěd
 fōlk
 fōol' ĩsh
 fōot' přint
 fōot' stěp
 fōr bĩd'
 fōrĉe
 fōr' eĩgn
 fōre' paŵs
 fōre tōld'
 fōr gōt'

fôrked	ghôst	grănd' sôn
fôrt	gî' ant	grēen' sward
fôr' ward (wêrd)	gîft	griēve
frāme	glāde	grōom
frēc' kled	glânçe	group (grōop)
friēnd' lý	glâr' ing	grōwn
frīght' ful	glēaned	grűff' lý
frīnged	glēn	grűm' ble
frīsk' ý	glid' ěd	grűnt
frō	glīm' mēr	guărd
fū' rí oũs	glĩmpse	guessed
fûr' nĩ tũre	glīt' tēr ing	guide
fûr' thēr	glōbe	gűn
fűss	glōom	gűshed
fűz' zý	glō' rí oũs	
	glōw'-worm	hăb' ít
găin	(wűrm)	hăil
gāme	gōb' lĩn	hălf
găr' ment	gōose' běr rý	hă' lò
găr' rět	gōs' sà mēr	hălt
găth' ěred	gown (goun)	hărd' shĩp
găzed	grăbbed	hăr' dý
gēm	grăçe' ful	hărm' lěss
gēn' ěr al lý	grăd' ù al	hăr' něss
gēn' ius (yűs)	grăd' ù áte	hăw' thörn
gēn' tian (shan)	grăin	hēal' ing
gēn' tle	grăm' mar (měr)	hēaped
gē ōg' rà phý	grănd	heărth' rűg
gē rā' nĩ ũm	grănd' eűr	hēdge' rōws

hēm' lōck	hûrled	jew' (jū) ěl
hěrb	hûr' rĭed	jōl' lý
hĭd' den	hûrt	joûr' neŷ
hĭgh' châir	hûshed	joy' ful
hĭt	hûs' kŷ	joy' oûs
hōar' ŷ	hût	jŭdge
hōld' ěth	hŷmn	
hōl' ĭ dāy		kā' tŷ dĭd
hōl' lý hōck	ĭ' ģŷ	kēt' tle drŭm
hō' lý	ĭ dē' â	kēy' hōle
hōme' lý	ĭ' dle	kĭck
hōme' sĭck	ĭll	kĭn' drĕd
hōme' stĕad	ĭm plōr' ĭng	kĭtch' ěn
hòn' eŷ sŭc kle	ĭnch	knĕe
hōn' or (ĕr)	ĭn dĭf' fĕr ent	knĕel
hōn' or (ĕr) â ble	ĭn dĭg' nant	knĭt' tĭng
hōop	ĭnk	knōck
hōot' ěd	ĭn' nô ģent	knōt
hōpes	ĭn quĭre'	knōwn
hōrn	ĭn sĭde'	
hōr' rĭ ble	ĭn' stant	lăcked
hōrse-chĕst' nŭt	ĭn stĕad'	lăd
hōrse' man shĭp	ĭn tĕnd' ěd	lăid
house' măid	ĭn tĕnt'	lănge' wōod
how (hou) ěv' ĕr	ĭn' tĕr ěst	lănes
hŭm	ĭn trude'	lăpse
hŭ' man	ĭn' vâ lĭd	lătch
hŭm' ble	ĭn vĭs' ĭ ble	lăte
hŭn' drĕd	ĭs' land	laughed (lăfd)

lǎv' ished	lūte	mēs' sēn gēr
lā' zǎ	lǎ' ینگ	mēt
lēad' ینگ		mewed (mūd)
lēak	mǎd	mīd' nīght
lēaned	mǎg' ıc	mīdst
lēap' ینگ	mǎ jēs' tıc	mi gnon ette'
lēast	māne	(mīn yūn ət')
lēave	mārchēd	mīle
lēngth	mǎr' ı gōld	mīl' ı tā rǎ
lī' ā ble	mārķ	mīll
lī' brā rǎ	mār' ķēt	mīs' chīef
lickēd	mār' rīed	mīs' ēr ā ble
līm' pīd	māss	mīssed
lī' ōn	mās' tēr piēçe	mīs tāk' en
līps	mātch	mīt' tēnş
līst	māte	mīx' tūre
live' lǎ	mēad' ōw lārķ	mōan
līv' ینگ	mēal	mōn' stēr
lōb' stēr	mēant	mōon' bēam
lōft' ǎ	mēan' whīle	mōr' tal
lōg' ıc al	mēat	mōs qui' (kē) tō
lōop	mēd' al	mōurn' ful
lōose	mēd' ı çīne	mōve
lōt	mēm' bēr	mūf'
lūll	mēm' ō rīeş	mūf' fled
lūll' ā bǎ	mē ow' (ou)	mūl' tī tūdeş
lūmp	mēre	mūmps
lūnch' eōn	mēr' rī lǎ	mūsh' rōom
lū' pīne	mēr' rī ment	mū şı' cian (zīsh' an)

mūs' kēt
mūt' tēred

nāil
nāme
nāp' kīn
nēar' ēst
nēck
neigh' bor
(nā' bēr)
nēi' thēr
nērv' oūs
nēs' fle
nēt' work
(wūrck)

nīce
nīck' nāme
nīght' cāp
nīm' blý
nō' ble
nō' bōd ý
nōd' dīng
noīse
nōn' sēse
nōoks
nōt' ā ble
nōtes
nūm' bēr
nūrse

ō' ā sīs
ōats
ō beyed' (bād)
ōb jēct' ēd
ōb sērvēd'
ōb tāīned'
ōc cūrred'
ō' dor (dēr)
ōf' fēred
ōf' fīce
ōft
ōoz' ý
ōp prēss' ēš
ōr' dēr
ought (at)
out' crý
out wīt' tēd
ō vēr cāst'
ō vēr loók'
ōwe
ōwn' ēr
oys' tēr

pācked
pāge
pāil
pāins
pāint' ēd
pāl' āce

pālm
pānt' ēd
pār' ā pēt
pār tic' ū lar (lēr)
pāssed
pās' sēn gēr
pas' sion
(pāsh' ūn)
pās' tūre
pārch
pā' tience (shens)
pā' tients (shents)
pāt' tēd
pāve
pāw
pāy
pēāce' ful
pēak
pēaml
pēat
pēb' ble
pēer' īng
pērch
pēr fōrm'
phān' tōm
pi (pē) ā' nō
pic' nīc
piē
pīl' lar (lēr)

pín' á fõre	prěp á rā' tion	quar' tẽrs
plāin' lý	(shǔn)	quick' lý
plān	prěš' ençe	
plāt	prě šent' ěd	raft
plāy' fěi lōw	prěssed	rāil
pleas' ure	prě tẽnd' ěd	rāil' rōad
(plězh' ũr)	prě vẽnt'	rāng
plěn' tỹ	pride	rānk
plūme	prōg' rěss	rāpt
plūmp	prōm' ĩse	rāre
plūnge	prōše	rās' p' bẽr rỹ
plū' ral	prō tēc' tion (shǔn)	rāth' ěr
point	proved	rāt' tle snāke
pōk' ینگ	prō vīde'	rāve
pō lice' (lēs) man	prō vīs' ions	rā vine' (vẽn)
pō lite'	(vĩzh' ũns)	rěad' ĩ lý
pōp' lar (lěr)	pud' dǐng	rē' al
pōp' ũ lar (lěr)	pũfed	rēar
pōr' trāit	pul'	rě çēive'
pōs' sī blỹ	pul' pīt	rě flēc' tion
pōst	pũn' ĩsh ment	(shǔn)
pōst' ōf fĩçe	pũre	rě frěsh'
pō' sỹ	pũr' pōse	rěf' ũge
pō tā' tō	pũr'	rě fũse'
pōur	pũrse	rěg' ĩ ment
pow' (pou) děr	pũr sũit'	rein (rān)
prānçe	pũss	rě lāt' ěd
prāt' tǐng		rě liẽve'
prě fěr'	quāint	rě māin'

rě märk'	säck	sēized
rě mīnd'	säck' clōth	sěl' dóm
rě new' (nū)	săd	sě rēne' lý
rě pāy'	sāfe	ser' geant (sär' jent)
rě plied'	sà lūte'	sē' rī oūs
rě šent'	sănd' stôrm	sēr' mōn
rě šolve'	sănk	sēr' vīce
rě šort'	săt' is fied	sěv' en tỹ
rě spēct' ěd	sau' ći lý	sěv' ěr al
rěst' ful	scăm' pěr	sě vĕre'
rě tūrned'	scăn	shăd' ôw
rě ward' ěd	scăr	shăft
rīb' bôn	scârce	shăg' gỹ
rích	scâre	shāme
rīd	scăt' těr	shăn' tỹ
rīse	scēne	shâre
rīv' ũ lět	scënt	shărp
rōb' běr	scīs' sors (zěrz)	shăt' tĕred
rōbe	scrăps	shāy
rōd	scrătched	shēep
rōgu' ish	scrēamed	shēet
rōse	scrēech' ing	shěl' těr
rude	screw (skru)	shěp' hĕrd
rŭf' fling	scŭd	shīn' ing
rŭg	sēa' pōrt	shīv' ěr ing
rŭn' nĕrs	sēarch	show' (shou) ěr
rŭs' tīc	sēa' son	shōwn
rŭs' tle	sēc' ōnd	shrīll
rŷe	sēed' pōd	shrine

shroud
shrüb
sīgn
sīg' nal
sī' lençe
sī' lent
sīll
sīl' lý
sīm' ple
sīnçe
sīn' gū lar (lěr)
sīp
sīze
skāte
skīll
skīp' pīng
slānt' īng
slāve
slēet
slēeve
slīght
slōpe
slȳ
smōke
smōoth
snāke
snūffed
snūg' lý
sōbbed

sō' běr lý
sōcks
soil
sōl' dier (jěr)
sōrt
sought (sət)
soup
spāke
spār' klīng
spār' rōw
spēak
spēar' mīnt
spěnt
spīed
spīt
spīte
splāsh
splēn' dīd
splīt
spoil
spoils
spōke
spōrt' īng
spōt
sprāy
sprīng' tīme
sprīte
sprout
spūn

squash
squēak
stāb
stałk
stall
stāmp
stānch
stāred
stārved
stāte
stēad' ī lý
stēal
stēam
stēel
stēep
stēe' ple
stěrn
stīff
stīle
stóm' aeh
stōol
stōōped
stōre
stōre' rōom
stout
stōw' īng
strāin' īng
strāp
strēam

strěss	swaŋs' down (doun)	thrāsh' ěr
strětched	swāth' ěng	thrill
strĭng	swēep	thrōat
strĭp	swēet' brī ar (ěr)	thrūsh
strōll' ěng	swēet' mēat	thỹ
strůck	swĭsh' ěng	tĭde
strůng	swōrd	tĭ' dỹ
stũ' dĕnt		tĭed
stũd' ĭed	tā' ble-clōth	tĭght
stũm' bled	taĭ' lĕr	tĭlt
stũmp	tān' gled	tĭm' bĕrs
sũb' jĕct	tāp	tĭn
sũc ģĕss'	tāste	tĭ' nĭ ěst
sũcks	teār	tĭn' klĭng
sũd' dĕn	tēar' ful	tĭnt
su' gar (shōōg' ěr) bōwl	tēa tā' ble	tōm' à haw̄k
sũit' à ble	tĕm' pĕst	tōngue
sũl' len	tĕnd	tōre
sũm' mĭt	tĕnt	tōr mĕnt'
sũn' bōn nĕt	tĕr' rĭ blỹ	tough (tũf)
sũn' down (doun)	tĕr' ror (rĕr)	tow' (tou) ěl
sũn' flow (flou) ěr	tĕxt	toy
sũn' nỹ	thān	trāċed
sũn' sĕt	thēe	trā' ģĕs
sure (shur)	thĕm sĕlves'	trāck
sũr' fāċe	thĭll	trāin
sũr' lỹ	thĭrst	trāmp
sũr vey' (vā)	thōm	trāp' pĕr
swamp	thou	trāp' pĭng

tráv' ěl	ŭn sound'	wand
trāy	ŭn stāined'	war
trēad	ūse' ful	war' bling
treas' (trězh) ŭre	ūs' ing	warmth
trēa' tŷ	us' u al (ū' zhŭ al)	wasp
trēm' bled	ūt' tēr ing	wāste
trě mēn' doūs		watch' man
trībe	vā' cant	wa' tēr crēss
trick	vāin	wēak' ěr
trī' fle	vāl' ūe	wēalth
trīp	vāst	wēâr
trōd	věg' ě tā bleŝ	wēa' rī nēss
tru' ant	věl' vĕt	wēath' ěr
trŭdĕge	vĕn' tŭre	wēe
trŭm' pĕt	vĕr' dant	wēep' ing
trŭst	vĕr' nal	wĕpt
tŭcked	vĕrse	whăck
tŭm' bled	vĕs' sĕl	whir' ring
twĕn' tŷ	vĭc' tō rĭeŝ	whisked
twīge	vĭc tō' rĭ oŭs	who ěv' ěr
twīgŝ	view (vŭ)	whōle' sōme
twīn' kle	vī' ō lent	whōl' lý
twīt' tēr	vī ō lĭn'	wīd' ōw
	vīs' ĭ ble	wīl' lĭng
ŭn clōŝed'	vōt' ěd	wīlt
ŭn dīs tŭrbed'	voy' āge	wīn' dōw-sīl
ŭn ēas' ŷ		wīne
ŭn hārmed'	wab' ble	wīst' ful
ŭn lĕss'	wāist' cōats	wītch

wítch'-hā zel	wōol	yärn
wíth drew' (dru)	work' (wûrk) tā ble	yěl' lîng
wíth' ěr	wor' (wûr) shîp	yět
wíts	wōve	yōn' dēr
wolf (wulf)	wrēn	yoū
wōod' land	wrōth	yoūn' gēst

PROPER NAMES, ETC.

À cǎd' ě mǔ	Běn' ja mǐn	Dāi' sǔ
Al' cott	Běv' ěr lý	Dāme Prēn' tīss
Ā' li (lē)	Bōs' tòn	Dôrr
Al-fā' thēr	Brīggs	
Ā mēr' ĩ cà	Brīt' ĩsh	Ēast' on
Āmeš' bury (bēr ý)	Brȳ' ant	Ēeh' ô
Ā' mǔ	Bûr' dōck	Ēd' mǔnd
Ān' dô vēr		Ē līz' à bēth
Ān' dý	Cām brīdġe pōrt'	Ēl' lēn
Ā' prīl	Cār rā' rā	Eng' (īng) lānd
Āt lǎn' tīc	Čē' lī à	Eng' (īng) līsh
Āu' būrn	Cōn' cord	Ēs' thēr
Āu' gūst	Cōn' grēss	Ē' vā
Āus' tīn	Cōn nēct' ĩ cūt	
	Cōn stī tū' tion	Fī' dô
Bǎth shē' bà	(shūn)	Flōss Hāir
Bēa' vēr-Brōok	Cūl' len	Frēd
Bēech' ěr	Cūm' mīng tòn	Frēsh Pōnd

Gā' zà	Lär' còm	Ōt' tēr Crēek
Ĝen' ěr al	Lĭn' còln	
Göd	Lĭtch' fiēld	Pär' ĩs
Gòv' ěrn or (ěr)	Lou i' (ē) sà	Pearl
Grànt	Lōw' ell	Pēr' ě grĭne
Greāt Spĭr' It	Lu' çy	Pē' tēr
Ground'-mōle	Lu' lù	Phēlps
		Phĭl' lĭps
Hār' rĭ ět	Mà rĭ' à	Pĭl' grĭms
Hās' san	Māy	Plŷ' moũth
Hāyeş	Māy' flow (flou) ěr	Pōll
Hōlmeş	Mēek'-eye (ī)	Pōrts' moũth
Hūgh	Mĭck	Prēn' tĭss
	Millş	Prēs' ĩ dent
Ī' rĭs	Mĭn' nĭe	
I' ron (ī' ũrn) sĭdeş	Mis' sion (mĭsh' ũn)-	Quāk' ěr
Īsleş	à rŷ	
	Mōore	Rēd' brēast
Jäck ô' lăn' tĕrn	Mōp	Rēd' cōmb
Jāmeş		Rĭdge
Jĕn' nŷ	Nĕ' rĭ kĕr	Rōb' ěrt
Jĭm	New' found (nū'-	Rōb' ĩn
Jōhn	fĭnd) lănd	Rōlfe
Jūle	New (nū) Hămp'-	Rōme
Jūne	shire	Rōmp
	Nō vēm' bĕr	Rōşe-Mă riē'
Kĭl' lĭng tòn		Rŭn' à wāy
	Ō hĭ' ō	Rŭs' sell
Lā' dŷ Dāy	Ōl' ĩ vĕr	Rŭt' land

Săl' lý	Stū' art	Văn Ärm'
Sănd' pīp ěr	Su ěz'	Věl' vět bäck
Scōt' land		Věr mōnt'
Sēa' Gŭll	Tăb' bŷ	
Shĕt' land	Thăn à tǒp' sīs	Ward
Shōals	Thăx' tĕr	Wăsh' ĩng tòn
Snĕll	Tīt' bīt	Wĕlls
Spĭn	Tōm	Wĕn' dell
Squĭre	Trĭp	Wĕst' fiĕld
Stōwe	Trōt' tŷ	Wĭll' iam (yam)

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE MOTHER TONGUE

By GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE, *Professor of English in Harvard University*, and SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD, *Supervisor of Schools, Boston*.

BOOK I. Lessons in Speaking, Reading, and Writing English.

12mo. Cloth. 320 pages. Illustrated. For introduction, 45 cents.

BOOK II. An Elementary English Grammar. 12mo. Cloth.

331 pages. For introduction, 60 cents.

THESE two text-books are intended to furnish a continuous and complete course in English for grammar schools.

Book I. is devoted largely to language work, with emphasis on the fundamental principles which govern correct speaking, reading, and writing of English. It is also an introduction to the study of grammar, which is taken up in the second book. Choice selections of the best literature adapted to children are chosen as the basis of the language study. The entire series is based on the *cumulative* plan of acquiring information. Difficult points are not introduced in a diluted form early in the course, but are postponed to their proper positions and there treated clearly, fully, and emphatically.

Book II. is an elementary English grammar. The arrangement of the material is natural. The pupil feels himself advancing by careful yet certain steps, and perceives the reasons for things in a way that is quite impossible in the mechanical arrangement of many English grammars. It is believed that the subject will prove far less discouraging to young pupils when presented in this natural manner.

Taken together, the books form a definite and logical course. They assume a certain amount of intelligence on the part of the pupil and appeal to his reason instead of asking him to learn grammatical facts by rote.

The names of the authors are a guarantee, not merely of the scholarly character of the series, but of its careful adjustment to the actual needs and conditions of American schools.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston.
Atlanta.

New York.
Dallas.

Chicago.
Columbus.

San Francisco.
London.

CLASSICS FOR CHILDREN

Choice Literature; Judicious Notes; Large Type;
Firm Binding; Low Prices.

*For the prices and bibliographies of these books, see
our Catalogue of School and College Text-Books.*

Aesop's Fables.
Andersen's Fairy Tales. No. 1.
Andersen's Fairy Tales. No. 2.
Arabian Nights.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.
Burt's Stories from Plato.
Cervantes' Don Quixote.
Chamisso's Peter Schlemihl.
Chesterfield's Letters.
Church's Stories of the Old World.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe.
Dickens' Tale of Two Cities.
Epictetus.
Fiske-Irving's Washington.
Fouqué's Undine.
Francillon's Gods and Heroes.
Franklin: His Life by Himself.
Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.
Grimm's Fairy Tales, Part I.
Grimm's Fairy Tales, Part II.
Grote and Ségur's Two Great
Retreats.
Hatim Taï.
Heroic Ballads.
Hughes' Tom Brown at Rugby.
Hugo's Jean Valjean.
Irving's Alhambra.
Irving's Sketch-Book. (6 Selec.)
Jefferies' Sir Bevis.
Johnson's Rasselas.
Kingsley's Greek Heroes.
Kingsley's Water-Babies.

Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses.
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.
Litchfield's Nine Worlds.
Marcus Aurelius.
Martineau's Peasant and the
Prince.
Plutarch's Lives.
Ramée's Bimbi.
Ruskin's King of the Golden River.
Ruskin, Selections from.
Saintine's Picciola.
Scott's Guy Mannering.
Ivanhoe.
Lady of the Lake.
Lay of the Last Minstrel.
Marmion.
Old Mortality.
Quentin Durward.
Rob Roy.
Tales of a Grandfather.
Talisman.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.
Southey's Life of Nelson.
Spyri's Heidi.
A Little Swiss Girl's City and Mountain
Life.
Swift's Gulliver's Travels.
White's Selborne.
Williams and Foster's Selections
for Memorizing.
Wyss' Swiss Family Robinson.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. San Francisco.
Atlanta. Dallas. Columbus. London.

NATURE STUDY

ATKINSON'S FIRST STUDIES OF PLANT LIFE.

By GEORGE FRANCIS ATKINSON of Cornell University. For introduction, 60 cents.

THE JANE ANDREWS BOOKS.

The Seven Little Sisters. With new full-page illustrations. For introduction, 50 cents.

Each and All. With new full-page illustrations. For introduction, 50 cents.

Stories Mother Nature Told her Children. With new full-page illustrations. For introduction, 50 cents.

My Four Friends. For introduction, 40 cents.

STICKNEY'S STUDY AND STORY NATURE READERS.

By J. H. STICKNEY, author of the Stickney Readers.

Earth and Sky. For introduction, 30 cents.

Pets and Companions. For introduction, 30 cents.

Bird World. By J. H. STICKNEY, assisted by RALPH HOFFMANN. For introduction, 60 cents.

STRONG'S ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

By FRANCES L. STRONG of the Teachers' Training School, St. Paul, Minn.

Part I., Autumn. Part II., Winter. Part III., Spring. Each, for introduction, 30 cents.

EDDY'S FRIENDS AND HELPERS.

Compiled by SARAH J. EDDY. For introduction, 60 cents.

GOULD'S MOTHER NATURE'S CHILDREN.

By ALLEN WALTON GOULD. For introduction, 60 cents.

LANE'S ORIOLE STORIES.

By M. A. L. LANE. For introduction, 28 cents.

LONG'S WAYS OF WOOD FOLK. (First Series.)

By WILLIAM J. LONG. For introduction, 50 cents.

LONG'S WILDERNESS WAYS. (Second Series.)

By WILLIAM J. LONG. For introduction, 45 cents.

MORLEY'S LITTLE WANDERERS.

By MARGARET WARNER MORLEY. For introduction, 30 cents.

WEED'S STORIES OF INSECT LIFE. (First Series.)

By CLARENCE M. WEED, Professor of Zoölogy and Entomology in the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. For introduction, 25 cents.

MURTFELDT AND WEED'S STORIES OF INSECT LIFE. (Second Series.)

By MARY E. MURTFELDT and CLARENCE MOORES WEED. For introduction, 30 cents.

WEED'S SEED-TRAVELLERS.

By CLARENCE M. WEED. For introduction, 25 cents.

BEAL'S SEED DISPERSAL.

By W. J. BEAL, Professor of Botany and Forestry in Michigan State Agricultural College. For introduction, 35 cents.

BURT'S LITTLE NATURE STUDIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

From the Essays of JOHN BURROUGHS. Edited by MARY E. BURT.

Volume I. A Primer and a First Reader. Volume II. A Second Reader and a Third Reader. Each, for introduction, 25 cents.

BERGEN'S GLIMPSES AT THE PLANT WORLD.

By FANNY D. BERGEN. For introduction, 50 cents.

HALE'S LITTLE FLOWER PEOPLE.

By GERTRUDE ELISABETH HALE. For introduction, 40 cents.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. San Francisco.
Atlanta. Dallas. Columbus. London.

THE JANE ANDREWS BOOKS

The Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball That Floats in the Air. Cloth. 121 pages. With new full-page illustrations. For introduction, 50 cents.

Each and All; The Seven Little Sisters Prove Their Sisterhood. Cloth. 162 pages. With new full-page illustrations. For introduction, 50 cents.

The Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children. Cloth. 161 pages. With new full-page illustrations. For introduction, 50 cents.

Ten Boys Who Lived on the Road from Long Ago to Now. Cloth. 243 pages. With new full-page illustrations. For introduction, 50 cents.

The Stories of My Four Friends. Edited by MARGARET ANDREWS ALLEN. Cloth. 100 pages. Fully illustrated. For introduction, 40 cents.

Geographical Plays. Cloth. 140 pages. For introduction, 50 cents.

The "Seven Little Sisters" represents the seven races. The book shows how people live in the various parts of the world, what their manners and customs are, what the products of each section are and how they are interchanged.

"Each and All" continues the story of "Seven Little Sisters," and tells more of the peculiarities of the various races, especially in relation to childhood.

Dame Nature unfolds in "Stories Mother Nature Told" some of her most precious secrets. She tells about the amber, about the dragon-fly and its wonderful history, about water-lilies, how the Indian corn grows, what queer pranks the Frost Giants indulge in, about coral, and starfish, and coal mines, and many other things in which children take delight.

In "Ten Boys" the history of the world is summarized in the stories of Kabla the Aryan boy, Darius the Persian boy, Cleon the Greek boy, Horatius the Roman boy, Wulf the Saxon boy, Gilbert the knight's page, Roger the English boy, Fuller the Puritan boy, Dawson the Yankee boy, and Frank Wilson the boy of 1885.

The "Four Friends" are the four seasons personified. They weave into stories the wonderful workings of nature. Any child who has enjoyed "How the Indian Corn Grows," or "A Peep into One of God's Storehouses," in "Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children," will be glad to read of "Some Frost Flowers," "The North Wind's Birth Gift to the Earth's Youngest Child," which Winter tells, or the spring story of "What Was Heard Under the Ground One April Day."

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. San Francisco.
Atlanta. Dallas. Columbus. London.

OPEN SESAME!

About One Thousand Pieces of the Choicest Prose and Verse.

COMPILED BY

BLANCHE WILDER BELLAMY,

AND

MAUD WILDER GOODWIN.

VOL. I. for children from four to ten years old.

VOL. II. for children from ten to fourteen years old.

VOL. III. for children of a larger growth.

Sq. 12mo. Illustrated. For introduction, cloth, 75 cents each;
boards, 50 cents each.

No Eastern romancer ever dreamed of such a treasure-house as our English literature. With this "Open Sesame" in his possession, a boy or girl has only to enter and make its wealth his own. Every piece is believed to be worth carrying away in the memory. The best writings of our classic authors are here, with selections from recent literature and not a few translations.

These books are distinguished for their comprehensiveness, the care and skill with which the work has been done, the gradation of the pieces, their topical arrangement, and the mechanical excellence of the volumes,—clear, large type, fine illustrations, and handsome binding.

F. B. Palmer, *Principal of State Normal School, Fredonia, N. Y.*: I think it by far the best collection of memory pieces I have ever seen.

W. E. Buck, *Superintendent of Public Schools, Manchester, N. H.*: It is a beauty, and of all similar works I have seen it has the most desirable selections.

Chas. W. Cole, *Superintendent of Public Schools, Albany, N. Y.*: The book is a handsome specimen of the arts of typography and binding, while the selections and their arrangement speak well for the judgment and taste of the editors.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers,

Boston. New York. Chicago. Atlanta. Dallas.

STUDY AND STORY NATURE READERS

By J. H. STICKNEY,

Author of the Stickney Readers.

EARTH AND SKY. No. I. A First Grade Nature Reader and Text-Book. Sq. 12mo. Cloth. 115 pages. Fully illustrated. 30 cents.

EARTH AND SKY. No. II. [*In preparation.*]

PETS AND COMPANIONS. A Second Reader. Sq. 12mo. Boards. 142 pages. Fully illustrated. 30 cents.

BIRD WORLD. A Bird Book for Children. **With color pictures.** By J. H. STICKNEY, assisted by RALPH HOFFMANN. Sq. 12mo. Cloth. 214 pages. Illustrated. 60 cents.

SEED AND HARVEST. By S. E. BRASSIL and J. H. STICKNEY. [*In preparation.*]

The **Study and Story Nature Readers** are readers in form and appearance, but have a wider aim in being well-chosen points of departure through conversational lessons — *opportunities* for observational work.

Earth and Sky, No. I, the first book of the series in grade, is a little reader which embraces a wide range of topics.

Pets and Companions, the second book of the series in grade, is a little reader of stories and easy studies. Its subjects are such familiar animals as are best calculated to inspire sympathy and affection.

No effort has been spared to make **Bird World** one of the most attractive and instructive reading books on birds ever published. Miss Stickney has had associated with her in its literary and artistic preparation Mr. Hoffmann, a gentleman who has lived closer to bird world than any of us. For years he has known by sight and sound all the New England birds and many, if not most, of our chance summer and winter visitors. A number of the stories are based upon his own personal observations. Special features of the book consist of true pictures of birds by the well-known artist, Mr. Ernest S. Thompson, and also of a series of color photographs.

GINN & COMPANY, Publishers.

Boston. New York. Chicago. Atlanta. Dallas.



To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-9-39

--	--	--

COLLECTION
CURRICULUM LIBRARY.

428.42
C997C
bk. 4

583540

Cyr, Ellen M.
The Cyr readers
Book four

DATE _____

NAME _____

DATE _____

BOOK TOUT

DATE

LIBRARY. SCHOOL OF EDUCATION. STANFORD

588540

588547

104-

